


# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1034.—26 March, 1864.

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 The next No. of *The Living Age* will contain an article upon Thackeray, said to be written by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. To make room for this, we have postponed the beginning of “Lindisfarn Chase.”

Cousin Phillis is attributed to Miss Thackeray.

## NEW BOOKS.

“The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.” By John Foster Kirk. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

“The Rebellion Record.” A Diary of American Events, 1860–1864. Edited by Frank Moore, author of “Diary of the American Revolution.” G. P. Putnam, New York. Part 39, containing portraits of Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore, and Gen. Samuel R. Zook.

The same work, Part 40, containing portraits of Gen. George Stoneman, and Gen. I. E. B. Stuart.

BINDING.—Immediately after each Volume of *The Living Age* is completed, we bind a number of copies, to be exchanged at once for the Nos. if in good order; price of binding, sixty-five cents a volume. Where the Nos. are not in good order, we will have them bound as soon as we can.

NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons. While the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessities of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who “ministers to you in holy things,” present him with mental food once a week, and do not give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

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## "FAR AWAY."

"The land that is very far off."—Isaiah 33; 17.

Upon the shore  
Of Evermore  
We sport like children at their play:  
And gather shells  
Where sinks and swells  
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,  
Nor voice nor speech  
Doth things intelligible say;  
But through our souls  
A whisper rolls  
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears  
The voice of years  
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;  
We stoop to hear,  
As it draws near,  
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells  
We drop the shells  
We were so full of yesterday,  
And pick no more  
Upon that shore,  
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide  
Far out and wide  
The yearnings of our souls do stray;  
We long to go,  
We do not know  
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep  
Doth slowly creep  
Up on the shore where we did play;  
The very sand  
Where we did stand  
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all  
Beyond our call  
Are passing hence as we too may;  
Unto that shore  
Of Evermore,  
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,  
And Him to save  
Beneath whose feet as marble lay  
The rolling deep,  
For he can keep  
Our souls in that dim far away.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## CONSOLATION.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

December 30, 1863.

*Translated by Mrs. Bushby.*

Ah! no one can tell what a day may disclose!  
That, only the God of omnipotence knows;  
But whenever o'er Denmark the black clouds  
have bent,  
Assistance, salvation, from him have been sent!

Our country lay prostrate, and nearly crushed,  
when  
'Twas roused to fresh vigor by NIELS EBBESEN.\*  
The Lord was our guardian when ATTERDAG†  
might  
To Denmark restored both her land and her right.

The night it is stormy, and high swell the waves,  
Our poor little bark Ocean's fiercest wrath braves,  
But the Lord, our preserver, will watch o'er our  
course,  
And he can withstand all inimical force.

Ah, no one can tell what a day may disclose!  
That, only the God of omnipotence knows;  
But whenever o'er Denmark the black clouds  
have bent,  
Assistance, salvation, from him have been sent!  
—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

\* *Niels Ebbesen.* A patriotic and valiant Danish hero, a nobleman of Jutland. During the interregnum of seven years which occurred between the death of King Christopher the Second, and the accession to the throne of Valdemar the Third, Denmark had been overrun by marauding German barons, or counts, and other unprincipled adventurers. These despotic intruders — perhaps *robbers* might be a more appropriate name — caused such evils in the Danish provinces that a champion for Denmark happily arose in the person of Niels Ebbesen, a man of great courage, ability, and good sense. When the Count of Holsteen's tyranny was at its height, Ebbesen, with only sixty followers, entered the town, garrisoned by a thousand men, where the German pretender resided, and made his way into his very bedroom; the count, starting from his sleep, beheld his enemy standing over him with a drawn sword in his hand. Humbly he prayed for life, and numerous were the fair promises which he made, but the sword was not a knife in a child's hand. The count and two others were killed, and Ebbesen left the town as safely as he had entered it. The count's death occasioned great consternation in his army, and his sons sought safety where they could. However, they gathered troops and rallied, and a bloody battle was fought on November 2, 1346, wherein the noble Ebbesen fell, but fell victorious, for the greater part of the Holsteen army were annihilated.

† *Atterdag.* Valdemar Christophersen, the Third, was one of the victorious Valdemars, whose names are so revered in Denmark. He expelled the lawless German invaders, and restored the kingdom to its integrity and rights. He acquired the name of "Atterdag" from a habit he had of saying, "To-morrow we will have another day." What he could not accomplish in one day he expected to finish in two.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST.—ERNEST RENAN.

[Concluded from No. 1033.]

THE call to decide between these two positions, either that Jesus is what the Church Universal teaches, or else an impostor and the greatest teacher of idolatry the world has ever known, is thus once again presented to the mind of Christendom. For this is the question, and nothing less. It is idle for M. Renan and his supporters to say: "You misunderstand us; we do not intend to charge him with anything so grave as imposture; the East has measures of sincerity differing from ours," and the like. Such excuses are of no avail. He who permits others to believe and teach that he has wrought a marvel which he knows that he has not wrought, is an impostor. The only possible apology is to attribute such a one's conduct to mental hallucination, and in the case before us this apology is quite out of the question, and, indeed, is not alleged by our author.

Although the mere statement of the chief point at issue must, with the great majority of readers, seem to necessitate but one reply, it may be well to look a little more closely into the following topics, which all bear upon the question of M. Renan's fitness for the solemn task which he has undertaken. 1. The author's views upon Polytheism and upon the influence of race. 2. Upon the supernatural. 3. His degree of sympathy with the evangelists. 4. The accuracy of his citations and inferences from Holy Scripture. 5. The relation of his work to that of Strauss, of Ewald, and to the mind of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively.

1. M. Renan's views of Polytheism. On this, as on other subjects on which we are at issue with our author, it seems advisable to state briefly what we presume to be the Christian view of Polytheism, in order that we may display the contrast. The God whom the Christian worships is pre-eminently a Being of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. It is clear at a glance that no one of "the gods many and lords many" in the Pantheon of the Polytheist can possibly combine in himself these primary attributes. Consequently, the Polytheist fails to form a right idea of the very meaning of the word "God." It is true that at moments the notion of a sovereignty of Jupiter over the other inhabitants of Olympus seems to gleam

forth; or, in other words, Polytheism is for the time thrust aside as untenable. But this is only momentary. If, in one celebrated passage of the "Iliad," Jupiter announces that his might is superior to that of all the rest combined, yet in others he is compelled to make the most humiliating confessions of the limitations placed upon his designs, either by Fate or by a brother god, such as Neptune.\* As for the other gods, they must, by the very nature of the case, interfere with each other's claims to Omnipotence. Thus, for example, in the tenth book of the "Iliad" the protection of Pallas avails to guide her favored knights, Ulysses and Diomed, so far that they succeed in slaying Rhesus by night, and carrying off his snow-white steeds; but when they want to make a prize of the chariot also, Apollo interferes, and, in much wrath, wakes up a cousin of the slain monarch to prevent further damage. Thus, in the first book of the "Æneid," Æolus is recognized as lord of the winds, but is thwarted and reproved by Neptune for sending forth those winds to create a tempest at sea. Thus, when the Spaniards announced to the Mexicans the doctrine of the one God, they were met by some such reply as this: "Your doctrine may be very well suited to your own needs. You may perhaps live in a country which one God is competent to manage. But this is not the case here. We want one God to look after the rivers, another to take charge of the earthquakes, another to see to the crops," and so forth. Is it not obvious that, in such cases, the unfortunate idolaters have failed to grasp the very primary elements of thought implied in the word "God"?

Thus much as regards the defects of Polytheism when confronted with the ideas of perfect wisdom and perfect power.† But its intellectual inconsistency and feebleness looks like an evil of comparatively small dimensions when placed by the side of the apparent inconsistency of practical Polytheism with the idea of perfect goodness. Of its close and intimate connection with profanity, licen-

\* *Vide, e.g., Iliad xliii. ll. 347-357.* The whole subject is well and thoroughly discussed in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age."

† "Polytheism, putting the different parts of Nature under the arbitrary dominion of separate gods, conflicts with, and has been overthrown by, Science, which proves that one set of laws, the work of one God, traverses the whole."—Prof. Goldwin Smith, *ubi supra* p. 21.

tiousness, and apparent leagues with the fallen angels, we must not now pause to speak. But it is important to remind the reader of this phase of the Gentile worship, that we may comprehend the question now at issue.

We assert, then, that of this wide and impassable gulf between Polytheism and Monotheism, M. Renan seems to have but a very faint conception. He appears to think the difference slight: he has no horror at the mental association of impure rites with the memory of those dear to him; he looks upon the belief in many gods or in the one true God as being chiefly a matter of race.

For, in one passage of the work before us, M. Renan speaks of Monotheists never appreciating Polytheism. Truly, a strange thing it were, if those who hold a blessed and beneficent truth could under any circumstances be said to *appreciate* a pernicious and deadly error. Then again, sad to relate, in that singular mixture of affection and sentimentality, which forms the dedication of the volume to his departed sister, Henrietta, he says: "Thou now sleepest in the land of Adonis, near the *holy* Byblos and the *consecrated* waters, where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears." Well may the Abbé Freppel demand whether M. Renan "is ignorant of the infamies to which he was making allusion, and refer him to what has been written by another French rationalist, M. Alfred Maury, respecting the *fêtes* of the most obscene divinity of paganism." "It is painful to us," continues M. Freppel, "to see that fraternal piety itself knows not how to preserve our modern pagans from such extraordinary aberrations; and that in wishing to honor the memory of a sister who bore a Christian name, who had received the baptism of the faith, they find nothing on their lips and in their hearts save the names of Adonis, of the holy Byblos, and of the impure mysteries of idolatry."\*

And further, Polytheism is regarded as a form of thought proper to the Aryan (or Indo-Germanic) race, while Monotheism is preferred by the Semitic family. It is true that in this matter, as in others, our author

\* P. 52. Up to this point we have not made use of M. Freppel's learned and masterly pamphlet; and a chance coincidence of thought leads us to mention that our first three pages were written before it reached us. We shall frequently cite it in what follows as "M. Freppel," with the page.

makes some considerable admissions. It may be worth while to reflect whether the following statements might not be found to cohere perfectly well with the Christian views of Judaism.

#### M. Renan on the Hebrew Mind.

"If we review, as a whole, the development of the Hebrew mind, we are struck by that high character of perfection which gives it works a right to be regarded as classic, in the same sense as are the productions of Greece, Rome, and of the Latin races. Alone, among all the Orientals, Israel has had the privilege of writing for the whole world. The other literatures of the East can only be read and appreciated by the learned. Hebrew literature is the Bible—the book *par excellence*—the universal study. Millions of men scattered throughout the world know no other poetry. We must, of course, in this marvellous destiny take into consideration the religious revolutions, which (above all, since the sixteenth century) have caused men to regard the Hebrew books as the source of all revelation; but we may affirm that, if these books had not contained something profoundly universal, they would never have attained this condition. Israel had, like Greece, the power of perfectly extricating (*dégager*) its idea—of expressing it in a complete and finished form. Proportion, rhythm, taste, were, in the East, the exclusive privilege of the Hebrew people, and it is from this cause that it succeeded in giving to poetry and sentiment a form universal and acceptable to the entire human race."\*

Now on the question of race, as on a multitude of other questions, two very extreme views are just now in fashion. A late unbelieving writer, Mr. Buckle, declared that the element of race seemed to him of the smallest possible consequence, if not absolutely null, in the formation of an estimate of historical affairs. The incorrectness of the *ultra* view of the matter has been admirably exposed by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his "Popular Lectures on Physiology." But it ought to be considered whether some writers of our age are not inclined to press out of its due place and proportion this really important topic; whether they are not in danger (if so undignified a phrase may be permitted) of making it a hobby and then riding it to death. That we are not insensible to its importance may,

\* M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for November, 1855; and again, as cited by M. Littré, in the same Review for 1 Juillet, 1857.—(Vols. xii. p. 147, and x. of second series, p. 119.)



we trust, be shown before we conclude: but we are disposed to think that a tendency in this direction is exhibited by M. Augustin Thierry, by Dean Milman, and perhaps by Mr. Disraeli.\*

But M. Renan far outruns the writers whom we have just named, and, indeed, all other writers with whom we are acquainted. We are compelled, therefore, to bring his theory to the test of fact; and demand whether it is historically true, or false, that the Semitic race was so essentially Monotheistic that one of its families deserves no very special mention for its tenacious grasp of the doctrine proclaimed to it of old: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

Here as on several other points, we may adduce, in opposition to the theory of the rationalist M. Renan, the criticism of the rationalist M. Littré. We are not compelled to follow M. Littré in the theory which he would fain substitute for that of M. Renan, but we fully appreciate the value of the following remarks:—

*M. Littré on M. Renan's theory of Monotheism.*

"M. Renan attributes primitive Monotheism to an innate disposition of the race—to a manner of thinking and feeling which belonged to the Semitic family, and which led it directly to the idea of one only God, Creator and Lord of earth and heaven. The scarcity of documents concerning a history so long past prevents our perceiving the process by which ideas and things were produced in the development of nations, and reduces us to difficult and uncertain inductions. M. Renan's hypothesis has the historical fact on its side, that from remote antiquity we observe Israel, which is not distinguished over its neighbors of Tyre, Sidon, or Babylon by any supremacy of science or civilization, stand out strongly against all that pagan world by their belief in Jehovah, by their hatred of Polytheism, by their religious tenacity, and by their pro-

\* For M. Aug. Thierry, see his "Norman Conquest of England," wherein everything—even the contest between Becket and Henry II.—is regarded as a matter of race—a struggle between Saxon and Norman. With reference to Dean Milman's "*Latin Christianity*," there seems force uttered in the hint by a *Saturday Reviewer* some few years since, to the effect that Teutonic Austria had remained Roman Catholic, rejecting what Dr. Milman terms "Teutonic Christianity." He might have added that the German part of that empire was the most Roman, while Protestantism finds its strength in Hungary and Bohemia. For Mr. Disraeli (who is, however, probably less extreme) it may be sufficient to refer the reader to "Tancred," and the "Life of Lord G. Bentinck."

phetic hope of one day seeing all nations come to Monotheism. But grave difficulties seem to me to stand in the way of this interpretation of the historic fact.

"The gravest is, the paganism of several Semitic branches. The Sidonians, the Tyrians, the Cathaginians, the Palmyrenians, the Arabians, the Ethiopians, were all pagan. Naturally, M. Renan has not overlooked this objection, and he replies to it so far as the Phœnicians are concerned by saying, that if they fell into paganism it was in consequence of migrations and foreign influences, which led them into the profane ways of civilization, commerce, and trade; and with respect to the Arabs, by saying that it would be a mistake to look upon Mahomet as having founded Monotheism amongst them, for that the worship of the supreme Allah had always been the basis of Arabian religion. Nevertheless, these *dicta* do not carry conviction to my mind. Where is the historical evidence that the Tyrians (to confine ourselves to them) were ever Monotheists? What is the proof that migrations, or foreign influences, changed their primitive religion and substituted that of many gods? Language is certainly the best test of the purity of a race. Now, in this point of view, the Phœnician language (at least, all that we know of it) presents no sign of those admixtures, of those alterations which by proving an influence exercised by foreign populations, prove a change, for good or for evil, to have taken place in ideas and belief. Nor does the answer touching the Arabs remove all difficulties. I believe readily, with M. Renan, that the notion of a supreme Allah was, with the Arabs, a fundamental one; but that does not suffice to enable us to conclude from it that they were Monotheists any more than we should have a right to declare of the Greeks, because they had a notion of a supreme *Zeus*, father of gods and men; or of the Latins, because they believed in a Jupiter very great and very good—*Jupiter optimus maximus*—that they ought to be excluded from the number of Polytheistic nations. The conclusion does not seem to me to be better applicable to the Arabs; for, if by the side of that supreme Allah they had not had, like the undoubted pagans, other and numerous gods, what did Mahomet's mission signify, which had no other object but to withdraw his people from paganism? M. Renan, in declaring his hypothesis, has left a mist over his conception, usually so clear and precise. 'The desert,' he says, 'is Monotheist.' If it was the desert which inspired the Semitic race with the idea of one only God, they do not owe it to this race."\*

\* *Revue des deux Mondes*, vol. x. 1857, pp. 127-8. We are obliged to pause abruptly, in the middle of a sentence, for M. Littré, after dealing

It is possible that the language of M. Littré respecting the Arabs may be slightly overstrained; but the main fact remains unimpeachable, that whatever grasp of Monotheism they may have possessed at one period of their career, they did not, like the Israelites, preserve it. And the same might be said of the Tyrians, if a Monotheistic worship among them be susceptible of historic proof.

We are by no means insensible to the amount of curious information contained in M. Renan's paper on the pagan religions of antiquity. But on the entire case the impression left on our minds is this: here is a writer who has no belief in objective truth; who regards Polytheistic or Monotheistic doctrines as opinions, not perhaps quite equally good, but as resting upon similar bases—namely, the tendency of certain races—who has never caught a glimpse of what was so justly said by the poet (whether he believed or not the force of his own words):—

"Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,

\* \* \* \* \*

The powers of earth and air  
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:  
Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
And even Olympian Jove,

Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them." \*

He is "insensible to the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins which turned the heart of the Israelite sick in the worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch."† And therefore, severe as they may sound, we cannot think that the words of M. Freppel are too severe, when he follows up the remarks already cited by saying to M. Renan: "This is painful to reflect on, I admit; and it is not without sadness that I have just written these lines.

Yes, we can understand, that the Gospel has become for you a letter that is sealed, an enigma past deciphering; there the *sûtes* of Adonis are not found, and the women of the ancient mysteries play no part therein."

II. The next point for consideration is our author's view of the supernatural. And here we may willingly admit the presence of a national element as one of the constituent parts of M. Renan's form of unbelief. Just this forcible blow to his *confre*, proceeds to suggest a theory of his own, quite as hollow and not one whit more reverent.

\* Shelly's "Hellas."

† Dean Stanley on the Jewish Church, Lect. IX. p. 203. The words quoted form the predicate of a proposition to which "the Gentile accounts of Phœnicia" are the subject.

as Luther is a German reformer, and Calvin a French reformer; as Möhler is a German member, and Fenelon a French member, of the Church of Rome; even so, too, will it appear that the rationalism of Strauss and the rationalism of Renan do respectively bear indubitable marks of having arisen, the one on the eastern, and the other on the western side of the river Rhine. Each, alas! may have his disciples, but of one thing we may feel tolerably certain; and that is, that no man can possibly be at the same time a believer in "the *Leben Jesu*" of Strauss and also a believer in M. Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*."

With Strauss the idea is everything; the existence of the man Christ Jesus is of the smallest possible importance; and the composition of the Gospels appears\* to be relegated to the close of the second century, in order to allow time for the formation of the supposed myths of the miraculous conception, the temptation in the wilderness, the miracles, the resurrection, and the ascension. The wide divergence of M. Renan's theory from this account of the matter may be partially inferred from the passages already cited from his work, and will become more clear as we proceed.

Some of the leading positions held by the great mass of Christians respecting miracles may probably be stated as follows. There are occasions when it has pleased the Creator of the universe, for his own wise purposes, to effect something transcending the ordinary course of events. Whether this is brought about by special interposition, or by the manifestation of some law unknown to us, is usually regarded as a fairly open question.† But although in particular cases we may not always be able to perceive what by us, in our ignorance, would be thought sufficient reason for such a display of divine power, still, in the great majority of instances recorded in Holy Writ, enough is told us to afford at

\* We say, "appears," for on this, as on several other points, Strauss is continually shifting his ground, and some large admission made in one edition of the "*Leben Jesu*," is found to be withdrawn in the next.

† We may again refer to the article on "Miracles," contained in our last number. Mr. Mansel appears to incline to the view of special interposition. The opposite view is hinted at by Bp. Butler as possible, and ably supported by Mr. Chretien in his "*Dialogues on Divine Providence*." M. Nicolas (who is with us in regarding the question as an open one) observes that our Lord's words in St. John 9: 3, seem rather to countenance the last-named view.

least *some* insight into the cause. Thus we can well understand how an extraordinary teacher would need the warrant of extraordinary acts to substantiate his claims. If, indeed, like Abraham, he were the chief of a tribe and founder of a nation, if like David he combined in his own person the royalty with the gift of prophecy, then such subsidiary aid might not be needed. But a Moses leading Israel out of Egypt and inaugurating a new polity, an Elias recalling the ten tribes from the worship of Baal,—such spiritual guides, being engaged in an extraordinary task for which they were not otherwise marked out, received a proportionately extraordinary means of attesting the reality of their claims to a divine mission. Much more on a greater occasion do we suppose that miracles would be vouchsafed by Almighty God. "As the sensible things around and above us are so constituted by him as to represent to the intellectual nature things invisible and spiritual, the words which denote the former being the very instruments for shaping forth and apprehending the latter,—there may be a congruity in the deep reason of things, in the attachment to certain great movements in the moral world of corresponding portentous appearances in the natural." "No wonder," says another writer, "if the great framework of nature tremble like a reed when some great moral change is passing over the world. No wonder that that last great cry rent the rocks as well as the veil of the temple. No wonder, to take another aspect of the subject, that the sea was calmed by the voice of its Maker, the loaves were multiplied before Him who feeds all flesh, and the dead arose at the presence of Him whose life was the light of men."\*

Now we have seen that Strauss frankly acknowledges that he does not accept the biblical idea of God. His notion is that of a Being who is no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite Artist! Consequently he is consistent enough in rejecting the miraculous as impossible. And hence arises what must be to most readers, excepting thorough partisans of his school, the oppressive weariness

\* These two striking passages are from writers very independent of each other; namely, Dr. Mill (last tract against Strauss, p. 363 in first edit.), and Mr. Chretien ("Dialogues on Divine Providence," pp. 43, 44). We may venture to compare with them the remarks of one of our own contributors in pages 272-274 (inclusive) of the paper on "Miracles" in our last number (Oct., 1863).

of Strauss's volumes. Of what use is it to examine whether the account of a particular miracle is mythical, when it has been first assumed as an axiom that *all* accounts of miracles are mythical? What interest could be felt in the trial of prisoners for a given crime, say that of forgery, if the court before which they were summoned had previously decided that persons accused of this particular crime were always, without exception, guilty? What unbiassed reader would care to peruse a treatise which should pronounce that this and that and the other war had been immoral and unchristian, if the introduction laid it down as an *à priori* unimpeachable proposition, that all war of whatever kind was opposed to the very first principles of sound ethical and Christian doctrine? No wonder that Christian critics of the Straussian hypothesis—we may instance Mr. Henry Rogers and Prince Albert de Broglie—reclaim against this conjunction of a universal major premiss with a number of successive minors; because, however true those minor premises may be, and however logical the conclusion, the major, "that all miracles are impossible," still remains a bare assumption, alike unproved and incapable of proof.\*

We turn to M. Renan. And once more we must calmly, but deliberately, accuse him of uttering the same stammering and uncertain sound on this question, as on the previous one, concerning the nature of the Godhead. Strauss is on both these topics clear and comparatively consistent. Avowedly rejecting the God of the Bible, he of course rejects the miracles recorded in the Bible. And so, at the first glance, M. Renan appears to have adopted a similar principle. Witness the following statements:—

\* "Having laid it down as an axiom that a miracle is impossible, Christianity, of course, must be false; and the only wonder is, that anybody who believes this should enter into criticism at all to refute its historic claims, or to prove that what was impossible *per se* was not very probable in any other way."—Mr. Rogers's "Defence of Eclipse of Faith," p. 184.

"The Gospel, it must be allowed, is but one tissue of supernatural events. The Gospel is the supernatural itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin's son. The Gospel is the resurrection of one dead. It begins and ends in miracle.

"If, therefore, all facts are false, from the simple fact that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false; that is a thing decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to prove that, or to verify dates, or collate manuscripts."—M. de Broglie, in the paper named at the head of this article.

*M. Renan on the Supernatural.*

"That the Gospels are in part legendary is quite evident, because they are full of miracles and of the supernatural."\*

"The essence of criticism is the negation of the supernatural. . . . Who ever speaks of *above nature*, or *outside nature*, in the order of facts utters a contradiction."†

"The notion of the supernatural being impossible (*la notion du surnaturel avec ses impossibilités*) only appeared on that day when the experimental science of nature arose."‡

So far, neither Spinoza nor Strauss could speak in a more trenchant style. But in an intervening passage our author adopts a very different line of argument:—

"It is not, then, in the name of this or that system of philosophy; it is in the name of a constant experience that we banish miracles from history. *We do not say* 'miracles are impossible;' we say, 'There has not hitherto been a miracle that is proved.'"§

In a word M. Renan asserts at page li of the Introduction to his "*Vie de Jésus*," that he does *not* say what he *has* said most emphatically in his "*Études d'histoire religieuse*;" what he has said at page xv of this same Introduction; what he has said again at page 41 of the actual work.

How is it possible to follow the vagaries of a writer who first deliberately lays down a certain proposition, then unsays it, and presently repeats it again? A witness in a trial may be cross-examined, and asked to declare by which of two contradictory statements he intends to abide. If we could imagine ourselves possessed of such a power in the present instance, our interrogatories would run somewhat as follows: "Do you, M. Ernest Renan, accept the confessedly anti-biblical idea of God taught by Strauss? If so, then you *do* say, once for all, by implication *miracles are impossible*; and it is idle to pretend that you do *not* say it. But if you reject the Straussian Pantheistic notions concerning the Almighty, tell us so plainly, and we can then recommence our argument."

We have said, and we repeat it, that we believe M. Renan in his heart to adopt the former of these alternatives. If so, then indeed, the question is at end. But if, in some

better moment, he throws Spinoza and his followers on one side, he must be prepared, together with his change of views respecting the Godhead, to reconsider likewise his judgment respecting miracles.

The words of Rousseau upon this subject have often been cited. "Is God able to work miracles—that is to say, Is he able to modify the laws (*déroger aux lois*) which he has established? A serious treatment of this question would be impious, if it were not absurd; it would be doing too much honor to him, who should resolve it in the negative, to punish him; it would be sufficient to shut him up. But then what man has ever denied that God is able to work miracles?"\*

Now in quitting the *à priori* region and coming to history, in abandoning the Germanic atmosphere for that which is more commonly breathed in France, M. Renan must, of course, allow us also to turn to history, rather than to metaphysical reasoning. Rousseau, accepting the Monotheism taught alike by Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, is quite consistent in regarding him who would limit the power of the Omnipotent as a lunatic rather than a criminal. And M. Renan himself makes an admission on this head, which is hardly less remarkable. For he grants that he who believes in the effect of prayer—he who believes that God may send different weather, or arrest the progress of sickness at the voice of man's entreaty—can have no difficulty in accepting miracles. In a word, all who pray must, to be consequent, admit without hesitation the possibility of miracles. How large a portion of the human race is thus involved in the acceptance of miracles may be suggested by the consideration of the following remarks, made not by a professed theologian, but by the historian and statesman, M. Guizot:—

"Alone, of all living beings here below, man prays. There is not, amongst all his moral instincts, a more natural a more universal, a more invincible one than that of prayer. The child betakes himself to it with ready docility; the aged man returns to it as a refuge amid decay and isolation. Prayer arises spontaneously alike on young lips that scarce can lisp the name of God, and on expiring ones that have scarce strength enough left to pronounce it. Among every people, celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarian, acts and formulæ of invocation meet us at

\* Introduction to "*Vie de Jésus*," p. xv.

† "*Études d'histoire religieuse*," pp. 139, 207;

cit. ap. M. Freppel, p. 40.

‡ "*Vie de Jésus*," p. 41.

§ Introduction, p. li.

\* "*Lettres de la Montagne*."



every step. Everywhere where there are living men, under certain circumstances, at certain hours, under certain impressions of the soul, eyes are raised, hands are clasped, and knees are bent, to implore, or to thank, to adore, or to appease. With joy or with terror, publicly, or in the secrecy of his own heart, it is to prayer that man turns, as a last resource, to fill the void places of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his life. It is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails him, a support for his weakness, comfort in his sorrows, and hope for his virtue. . . .

"The natural and universal act of prayer witnesses to a natural and universal faith in the *abiding and ever free action of God upon man and his destiny.*"\*

And if, besides the warrant arising from this vast *consensus*, we wish to have the authority of One whom even rationalists admit to be, in some sense, the Head of our race, we need not go beyond the pages of M. Renan's book. For after admitting with M. Guizot, that this view of prayer presupposes "that the entire course of things is the result of the free-will of the 'Godhead,'" he adds, "*this intellectual view was always that of Jesus.*"

Now, we Christians believe, as has been intimated, that God works miracles when he pleases, with a view to his own glory and for the good of the souls which he has created. It is curious to contrast with this belief the kind of demand made by M. Renan, when for the moment he lays aside the theory of the impossibility of all miracles, until such time as it seems to him desirable to re-assume it.

M. Renan's demands are as follows: *First* of all, due notice of the intended miracle is to be given. We must suppose, with one of His French critics, that the Almighty being about to work a miracle by the hand of some favored servant, ought first to announce this intention in the *Paris Moniteur*, the *London Gazette*, and similar official papers. *Secondly*, a commission is to be appointed;

\* "L'Eglise et la Societe Chretienne," pp. 22, 24. Our study of M. Guizot's book, for another purpose, introduced us to the knowledge of this striking passage. But we have to thank the Bampton Lecturer for 1862 for reminding us of it (Note 8, p. 55). We have much pleasure in citing one out of many parallel passages from Mr. Farrar's own text: "Prayer not only has a reflex value on ourselves, purifying our hearts, dispersing our prejudices, hushing our troubled spirits into peace; but it acts really, though mysteriously, on God."—*Bamp. Lect.* p. 532.

"a commission," to quote M. Renan's *own* words, "composed of physiologists, naturalists, chemists, and persons practised in historical criticism." *Thirdly*, this commission is to choose the corpse (*choisirait le cadavre*)! So that the Creator is not to restore to life the being whom *he* wills, but the one whom our commission of *savants* shall select! *Fourthly*, having settled that it is a *bonâ fide* corpse (*que la mort est bien réelle*), the commission is to "select the hall where the question shall be tried, and arrange the whole system of precautions necessary to shut out all doubt."

"If, under such circumstances," continues M. Renan, "the resurrection were accomplished, a probability *almost equal* to certainty would be gained. As, however, an experience ought always to *admit of repetition* (!), so that one ought to be able to do again what one has done once; and that in the region of the miraculous there can be no question of ease or difficulty; the *thaumaturge* would be invited to repeat his marvellous act, under different circumstances, on other corpses, in another place. If the miracle succeeded every time, two things would be proved—*firstly*, that supernatural facts do take place in the world; *secondly*, that the power of producing them belongs, or is delegated, to certain persons."

And now, then, we are fully acquainted with the entire case. More often than not, M. Renan holds miracles to be impossible; but when he does not go so far, the above is the evidence that will satisfy him. He is to dictate to his Maker time, place, and circumstances. In all solemnity and reverence be it said, we have never read but of one person who even approximated to this kind of request for a resurrection, and even he did not make it, as M. Renan appears to do, for the mere satisfaction of curiosity. "Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, Father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*"

M. Renan writes, indeed, like one who doubts the truth of those last well-known and



awful words. He seems to imagine that the sight of a miracle, or at any rate of two or three miracles, would, of necessity, be convincing. There cannot be a greater mistake. No miracle had any lasting effect upon the heart of Pharaoh. Even Rousseau can perceive thus much. "However striking," are his words—"however striking a spectacle of this kind [a resurrection] might possibly seem to me, I would not for anything on earth choose to be a witness of it; for how do I know what might be the result? *Instead of making me a believer, I should be much afraid lest it should only drive me mad.*"\* The effect of miracles on the minds of particular persons must ever, to a large extent, depend upon their previous preparation of heart. The Jews of our Lord's time witnessed abundance of miracles. What was the effect of the most wondrous one upon their teachers? "The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus."† Here we have one and the same event; making believers of some, and driving others into the very madness of despair. Many a one of that time saw numberless marvels and remained untouched; Nathanael found himself discerned under the thick shade of a fig-tree's foliage, and at once exclaimed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."‡

M. Renan writes as if he really believed, and expected us to believe, that the miracles wrought by Christ were always performed in the presence of none but sympathizing witnesses, who were all desirous of accepting their reality. Strange theory for one who can relate so vividly the closing scene of that august existence! Were those who opposed every act of his ministry, and who ultimately put him to death, persons who wished to acknowledge the genuineness of his wondrous works? We claim the same right of quoting the Gospels, of which M. Renan has so freely availed himself, and without which his book could have no existence; and in St. Luke 6: 7, we read of the Scribes and Pharisees watching Jesus "whether he would heal on the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him." Were *these* friendly

critics? Or turn to the ninth chapter of St. John. Was *that* examination of the man who had been born blind carried on before favoring judges? Surely, M. Renan must know—at any rate, he ought to know—that not one of the early opponents of Christianity ever attempted to deny the reality of Christ's miracles. They invariably admitted the facts, and then attributed it to magic. Thus Celsus, with that perverse ingenuity of which he is so great a master, attributes them to the knowledge acquired by Christ through his residence in Egypt, the very home of such arts and learning. Thus, about B.C. 300, under Diocletian, a Roman proconsul of Bithynia, Hierocles, tried to confront the Gospels, by placing on the same level the marvels related of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus—an attempt renewed by the English freethinkers, Blount and Lord Herbert of Cherbury.\* Thus Julian the Apostate, in his scornful way, demands: "And this Christ, what great thing did he do? He healed some blind and impotent men; he exorcised some possessed persons in the villages of Bethsaida and Bethany."†

A word, in passing, may be said upon that authority of men of science to which M. Renan, with many of his school, is so fond of referring as to an ultimate court of appeal. Fully admitting that the entire question of evidence is a very profound one, which cannot be settled in a few paragraphs, we should yet like to call attention to a short tract by Mr. Robert Chambers, entitled "Testimony: its Posture in the Scientific World." Mr. Chambers certainly supplies us with valid reasons for doubting the infallibility of proficients in physical science as judges of the worth of evidence. "A committee of the French Academy of Sciences, including the celebrated Lavoisier, *unanimously* rejected an account of three nearly contemporary descents of meteorolites, which reached them on the

\* For the calumny of Celsus, see "Origen cont. Cels." lib. i. § 38. Cf. also § 68, where Origen justly asks, What Egyptian magician ever used his illusions to lead the spectators to virtue? For Apollonius, see articles "Apollonius," "Hierocles," "Philostratus," in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography." Whether Philostratus wrote with a design of attacking Christianity is questioned. Ritter, followed by Professor Jowett, thinks not. John Henry Newman, some thirty or thirty-five years since, discussed this question in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; and we forget his conclusion. Baur has also treated it.

† Cit. ap. M. Nicolas, *ubi supra*.

\* "Lettres de la Montagne," cit.

† St. John 12: 10, 11.

‡ St. John 1: 48, 49, ap. M. Nicolas, "Etude Philos." part iii. chap. 5.

strongest evidence. After two thousand years of incredulity, the truth in this matter was forced upon the scientific world about the beginning of the present century.\* The Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London displayed the most contemptuous incredulity respecting the case of a patient in the Welton Hospital, Nottinghamshire, who, being thrown into a mesmeric sleep underwent the amputation of his leg without feeling pain. Mr. Hallam, the historian, and his friend the poet Rogers (both, be it remembered, men more likely to err on the side of incredulity than credulity), were so insolently and rudely treated when they related phenomena of animal magnetism, which they had seen and carefully tested in Paris, that they felt obliged to hold their tongues. Then, "as fact after fact came out, one after another became convinced; till at last even physicians grew grave and silent." \* These instances of scientific incredulity at least prepare us for listening all the more attentively to the following observations of M. Freppel:—

"And further, Are the learned alone able to judge of the miraculous character of the fact? It would be absurd to wish to maintain this. That there are certain phenomena concerning which science has the right to decide whether they ought to be attributed to natural causes or not, is what no one doubts; but there are also others for which a consultation of this kind would be, to say the least of it, useless. I don't require that a commission of scientific men should come to inform me that, with five loaves and two fishes, it is absolutely impossible to satisfy five thousand men. On this point a mistress of a household knows as much as the Academy of Sciences. It is simple common sense which says that it is not in the power of any man to cure one born blind with a little wet mud—to heal a paralytic with this word, 'Rise and walk!'—to raise a man who had been dead four days, on whom decomposition had actually begun. On such a matter as this the opinion of all the scientific men in the world could add nothing to the general conviction. We may even go further without injury to true science or real scientific men. On questions concerning such facts it is not exactly men of *parti pris* and of a preconceived system who will be the best judges or the safest witnesses. If the evangelists had each had a medical theory, or peculiar ideas on the substance or nature of bodies, I should be much more on my guard against their witness. In fact, we might fear that these scientific hypotheses might have

affected the recital itself. On the contrary, the absence of all theories of this kind in these simple and upright souls is one of the reasons which, joined to so many others, does not allow us to suspect the fidelity of their narration.

"M. Renan appears to believe that the Gospel miracles were admitted blindly, without the least difficulty, and apart from all serious examination. But the reverse of this is the truth. If our opponent had wished to enlighten his readers by a learned discussion, he might have found an excellent occasion for the exercise of his criticism. He need only have looked over the 9th chapter of St. John, which is entirely occupied with the healing of the man born blind. There is the inquiry upon the part of the enemies of Christ, the deposition of the witnesses, the declaration of the fact of the blindness, by the parents themselves, of the blind man, fresh interrogation of the son, reiterated attempts to deny the cure or to explain it naturally, failure to diminish the truth of the miracle—nothing is wanting. It is a formal trial, whose inquiry is carried into the smallest detail. How is it that the author of the 'Life of Jesus' who devotes to the analyzing of miracles a whole chapter of his book, contrives to say not one single word of a narration which occupies so large a place in the evangelic history? Apparently this was a difficulty to his theory which he has made for himself about the public credulity in the time of Jesus Christ. He no doubt preferred to be silent concerning what would have awakened the suspicions of the most confiding reader. Is that sincerity?"

But although M. Renan does not examine this particular miracle, he does now and then say a word concerning *some* of the beneficent and marvellous works recorded in the Gospels. It is high time to turn to them, for in all the rationalistic biographies of Jesus the treatment of particular events of a supernatural character throws a great light upon the general theory of the writer. In one common principle they must, all of them, Paulus, Strauss, Ewald, Renan, and their several disciples, be agreed. They must all deny the reality of each and every miracle recorded in Holy Writ; for to admit that one miracle may have actually taken place is to open the door for the reception of all. But they differ much as to the degree of silence and the method of evasion that is desirable.

We leave it to Strauss to answer, as he does with irresistible force, such naturalistic theories of Paulus and his school as would represent St. Peter as selling the fish for a piece

\* Chambers, in Tract above named, pp. 10, 11.

of money, instead of finding the coin inside it, which makes the star of the wise men into a lantern, etc., etc. Strange to say, however, as the credit of Strauss declines, similar theories of no greater wisdom begin to re-appear. Thus, for example, Ewald, in his "History of Christ and his Time," asks us to believe that it was the joyous influence of Christ's spirit that made the guests at Cana of Galilee drink water and suppose it wine! What line has M. Renan taken when his narrative brings him across these events?

His usual plan is to observe an absolute silence. A long list of miracles might be made out which are wholly passed over by our author. At other times he dismisses them with a single line. And, in truth, the same difficulty besets our rationalistic biographers on this topic of miracles, as on their main subject, the life of Christ on earth. To make no admission whatever is the simplest course. But this proceeding has its own inconveniences. It may look like inability to face the question. Consequently, some miracles must be selected from the Gospels and experimented on; with what success in the instance before us we shall presently be enabled to judge.

The miracle of feeding the five thousand "is narrated to us"—we here use the words of Strauss—"with singular unanimity by all the evangelists." To this and to the cognate feeding of the four thousand, Strauss devotes a long section of some twenty pages.\* M. Renan dismisses it in three lines. "*Thanks to an extreme frugality*, the holy company lived in the desert; men naturally supposed that they saw in that circumstance a miracle." This is the way in which five loaves and two small fishes more than sufficed for a meal to the five thousand! And who is the authority for the frugality? Not the evangelists; for they expressly assure us that our blessed Lord did not pursue the ascetic regimen of St. John the Baptist, and was reproached for not doing so. Not Celsus, nor Porphyry, nor Julian; for they, as we have already remarked, do not deny the reality of our Lord's miracles. The only authority (if we may so misuse the term) for the frugality theory is Paulus with his school; and Paulus (and consequently by anticipation M. Renan) has already been answered by Strauss. Here, as elsewhere, Strauss practically arrives at this

\* "Life of Jesus," Part II. chap. ix. § 102.

conclusion, that if men do not accept his mythical theory, there is no other course open to them but to fall back upon the supernatural. "Here the natural expositor is put to the most extravagant contrivances in order to evade the miracle." Agreeing as we do with Strauss in acceptance of the premises of his dilemma, we are forced to the conclusion that the "frugality" of M. Renan is one of those "extravagant contrivances" which have precisely the same value as the more elaborate ones of Paulus.

We turn to a still greater marvel, the resurrection of Lazarus. Ewald is here concise and simple enough. According to him, the strong assurance produced by the presence of Christ, that all his friends would rise again at the last day, was turned into a narrative of the actual resurrection of a particular person. Strauss, criticising in a single but long and elaborate section three cases, of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son at Nain, and this of Lazarus, of course rejects all three. But he is most dogmatic, as might be expected, on that which is most wonderful, and declares that the whole eleventh chapter, "in connection with those previously examined," is "an indication of the unauthenticity of the fourth Gospel.\* It affords some clue to the bitter hostility against his *confrère* in rationalism which has been expressed by Strauss, when we read the language employed by Ewald concerning this Gospel, which Strauss pronounces "unauthentic," and would relegate to at least two centuries after Christ. "Simple and clear for every upright spirit, the Gospel of St. John was certainly composed by the intimate disciple of Christ. . . . That is incontestable. . . . No one but a madman can have any doubt about it. . . . The fourth Gospel is its own complete defence. . . . One may declare that *there does not exist in the whole of antiquity a work of which the authenticity is so certain.*"† We do not feel called upon to judge which of these writers is the more unreasonable, he who would fain adjudge away from the loved disciple a work "of which only a madman can doubt," or he who, thus emphatically asserting its genuine

\* "Life of Jesus," Part II. chap. ix. § 100.

† The references are given in the admirable pamphlet of M. Raoul Lecœur. Ewald's grounds for this conviction have been set forth in a recent number of our contemporary, the *National Review*. If we have space, we propose to cite part of it in an appendix.

and authentic character, would idealize and waft into the merest cloud of abstraction its most important contribution to the facts of the Gospel history. We thank God that we are not constrained to throw our lot with either. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

But what course does M. Renan adopt? Of his treatment of the fourth Gospel, as a whole, we hope to say a few words presently. But so far as such things admit of degree, we must aver that his line of argument in the presence of this great and crucial test seems to us more decidedly shocking and repulsive than that of either Strauss or Ewald. It is with more of awe and repugnance than we have felt during any portion of our painful task that we translate as a matter of duty the following passage:—

*M. Renan on the Resurrection of Lazarus.*

"Weary of the bad reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus longed for a great miracle which should vividly strike the unbelief of Jerusalem. The resurrection of a man known at Jerusalem would naturally seem the most convincing proof possible. We must here call to mind that the essential condition of true criticism is to comprehend the diversity of times, and to divest ourselves of the instinctive repugnance which is the result of a purely reasonable education (! !). We must remember also, that in this impure and oppressive town of Jerusalem *Jesus was no longer himself.*" [We have read elsewhere, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."\*] "His conscience, by the fault of men and not by his own, had lost something of its original clearness. Despairing, driven to the last extremity, he was no longer his own master (*il ne s'appartenait plus*). His mission imposed a task upon him; and he yielded to the current. As always happens in great divine careers, he underwent the miracles which opinion exacted of him far more than he wrought them. At this distance of time, and in the presence of only a single authority, displaying evident marks of artifices of composition, *it is impossible to decide* whether, in the instance before us, the whole is fiction, or whether a real fact served as a basis for the rumors spread abroad. We must, however, allow that the turn of [St.] John's narrative has something profoundly different from the accounts of miracles produced by the popular imagination, which fill the synoptical Gospels. Let us add that John

is the only evangelist who has a precise knowledge of the relations of Jesus with the family of Bethany, and *that one cannot comprehend that a popular creation should come and take its place in a framework of recollections so personal.* It is *probable*, then, that the marvel in question was *not one of those miracles that are entirely legendary (!), and for which no one is responsible.* In other words, we think that there did happen at Bethany *something which was looked upon as a resurrection.*"\*

The possibilities of the details of this "something" like a resurrection are then set forth. We say the possibilities, for never, perhaps, was there published a book so full of the phrases "it seems," "perhaps," "I dare not be certain," "it is possible that," "one is tempted to believe,"—and the like; all of these phrases, it has been justly observed, betraying the perplexity and uncertainty of the writer. "The family at Bethany was *perhaps* led on." . . . "It *seems* that Lazarus was sick." . . . "Joy at the arrival of Jesus *may* have restored (*put ramener*) Lazarus to health." "Perhaps the ardent desire" of supporting the divine character of Christ's mission led these impassioned friends of his "beyond all bounds." "Perhaps Lazarus, still pale from his illness, *had had himself surrounded with bandages as a dead man, and shut up in his family tomb*" ! ! . . . "Jesus (*always on the hypothesis above enounced*) desired to see once again him whom he had loved, and the stone having been removed, Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head surrounded by a napkin. This apparition was naturally likely to be looked upon by everybody as a resurrection!"

We agree with Massillon, that the Socinian hypothesis makes our blessed Lord the greatest teacher of idolatry that ever lived on earth. For he, who, being merely man, induces myriads to worship him as God, is assuredly a promulgator of the worst idolatry. M. Renan invites us to go a step further. He asks to believe that One "who will never be surpassed," One "to whom each of us owes all that is best in him," lent himself to a wretched trickery of this sort, and that the weak and foolish creatures who took part in it went forth to win an unbelieving world to faith and righteousness and love!

It has been often said that we are all of us two persons. The very heathen were deeply conscious of this duality of human nature.

\* Hebrews 13 : 8.

\* "Vie de Jesus," pp. 359, 360.



Xenophon can put into the mouth of one of his characters the declaration that he has two souls, one that loves things good and one that loves things evil : and Plato can describe the harnessed steeds, one white, of fair and beautiful form, obedient to the mere voice of the charioteer ; and one black, misshapen, headstrong, that barely yields to the united influence of goads and thong. Yes, we all know those two principles, those ill-matched horses struggling for the mastery ; but seldom, indeed, do we see such an exhibition of the contest in another mind as appears to be revealed by the writings of the unhappy author of this so-called " Life of Jesus." He prints sentences full of deadly unbelief ; then withdraws or greatly modifies them ; and then re-asserts them again in some new form, less gross it may be, but not less substantially erroneous, and, perhaps, more insinuatingly mischievous. Thus in an article on " Liberty of Thought," he wrote as follows : " God, Providence, soul, so many good old words slightly heavy and material (*un peu lourds et matériels*), but which it will never advantageously replace." In the reprint of his papers which forms the volume entitled " Studies of Religious History" he has slightly softened down the blasphemy. In his most recent contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* he has, for all practical purposes, again denied the existence of a true living personal God. And yet this same man, who can write so pantheistically, and in fact atheistically, can at other moments employ such language as to make one of his ablest Christian opponents not unnaturally demand " Why does not M. Renan belong to us ? " In the case of almost any other author (unless we except that pair, of dubious sanity, Rousseau and Shelley), it would be almost inconceivable that one and the same person could have written the passage lately cited concerning Lazarus, and that which we are about to quote. Nevertheless, we are assured that the following really does proceed from the pen of Ernest Renan ; and though we have not had an opportunity of verifying the extract, we feel little doubt of its entire accuracy :—

*M. Renan's Counterview respecting Miracles.*

" When I feel my faith in miracle vacillating, I perceive the image of my God also growing weak in my sight. He is ceasing, by little and little, to be for me the free God, the personal God, the living God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a mas-

ter and a friend. And this holy dialogue once interrupted, what remains for us ! How sad and disenchanting does life appear ! . . .

*In ceasing to believe in miracles, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of its divine life.* It is henceforth gliding down towards the abyss. A fall of ever-increasing rapidity hurries it far from God and the holy angels. It loses, one after another, piety, uprightness, genius. Soon it lies upon the earth, yes, and sometimes in the mud."

III. We pass on to our third topic proposed for consideration ; namely, the degree of sympathy with the evangelists displayed by M. Renan. And we begin with one or two general propositions, in which we fairly assume that there is no serious amount of difference between ourselves and the object of our criticism.

There has not appeared in the history of literature any biography, or collection of biographies, that has made the slightest impression upon the world which did not fulfil one condition ; namely, that the writer should have a keen sympathy with the character and pursuits of him whose life he is portraying. Take up the " Life of Agricola " by Tacitus, or the biographies of Plutarch, Joinville's " Vie de St. Louis," Boswell's " Life of Johnson," this feature is common to them all. Nor is the case materially altered if, for the life of an individual man, we substitute that of a state or nation. The perusal of Livy's celebrated preface suffices to show how deeply he felt the greatness of the nation whose annals he was about to write. Sismondi was penetrated with a proud consciousness of the services wrought for humanity by those " Italian Republics," in one of which was the cradle of the ancient race that died with him.

But this primary condition once satisfied, it must be frankly owned that the reader has to be on his guard against the excesses into which such sympathy may run. Lord Macaulay is fond of warning the readers of his " Essays " on this score, and points, with only too good reason, to an extreme case in Middleton's " Life of Cicero." But less flagrant instances will serve our purpose. Perhaps hardly one of the above-named books can be read without some slight deduction on the score of the author's partiality for his hero or his cause. Livy is not tolerant towards the Samnites and their gallant general, C. Pontius ; nor would the mediæval Emperors of Germany, could they revive, allow that



their side of the struggle received its full consideration from Sismondi.

Hence arises a second principle, on which M. Renan would evidently set great store. It is possible that some counter-principle may come in to counteract the one-sided tendency produced by hearty fellow-feeling. Thus, Joinville's own experience of the injury wrought to France by the crusade which he accompanied will not allow him to approve of Louis IX.'s second expedition. Thus, in a recent instance, the biography of a literary man, who was an ardent Tory, has been written by a daughter who married a gentleman of Whig politics, and has consequently enjoyed opportunities of hearing how the contests in which her father was engaged appeared to the opposite party. And it must be owned, we think, that the most impartial history yet known, that of the Peloponnesian war by Thucydides, owes part of its merit to the circumstance that the author, though an Athenian, yet naturally felt his ardor for the cause of his countrymen somewhat cooled by the severity (we should say, *pace* Mr. Grote, the injustice) with which a single military error had been treated.

Thus far we find ourselves somewhat more in accordance with M. Renan than are some of his French opponents. But at this point other considerations come into play, and it will be necessary, before we proceed, to make another extract from the work before us:—

"If the love of a subject can avail to give insight into it, men will also recognize, I trust, my possession of this condition (*que cette condition ne m'a pas manqué*). In order to write the history of a religion, it is necessary, in the first place, to have believed it (without that one cannot be able to understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, no longer to believe in it in an absolute manner, because absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history."

Now, the admissions which we have already made may seem, at first sight, to involve an acceptance of the position here laid down. But a little consideration will disclose very important points of difference between the two sets of *data*. To begin with, we grant that some check upon a writer's natural partiality may be a real gain to him and to his readers; but we by no means grant that the ideal historian must be a renegade. On the

contrary, the world, as a rule, distrusts renegade historians. and we think that herein the world is right. Thucydides was an exile from Athens; but he never became a partisan of Sparta. Xenophon, though an Athenian by birth, really did come to prefer Spartan institutions. Does any man on that account pretend that his "Hellenica" is to be named, in respect of fairness, with the work of his great predecessor? On the contrary, is not Dr. Arnold quite justified in speaking of the "superficial party prejudices of Xenophon"?

Religious prepossessions are in no wise less violent than political ones. Can any standard work of reference in ecclesiastical history be named which has been written by a deserter from the camp which he describes? If there be such a work, we must avow ignorance of its existence. If there be not, it would be strange if M. Renan's were the first.

Yes, it would, indeed, be passing strange. For we have been engaged, by way of illustration, in adducing instances from the range of ordinary humanity. Even here the greatest suspicion is felt concerning those who have changed. "A History of the First French Empire," by Moreau; "An Account of Religion in England," by Dr. Manning; "An Account of Religion in Spain," by Blanco White: all would need to be read with the most jealous circumspection. But an account of the one pure and sinless Man from the pen of him who having once worshipped him as God, and even taken some part in his ministry, now denies his Godhead, and accuses his sacred humanity of the most grave and serious faults and the most miserable illusions! How is it in any wise possible that such a narrative could display real insight into the nature of the solemn themes which it presumed to handle?

There are figures standing round the central object of the Holy Gospels, separated from it, indeed, by that vast gulf which severs the Creator from the creature, yet lit up in a very special manner by the rays of glory which beam from the Incarnate Lord. One of these is St. John the Evangelist. We are justified in so styling him, even in the presence of men who admit no authority save that of a rationalist, for we have seen that even Ewald is thus far completely on our side. The diversity, without contradiction, of the teaching of the fourth Gospel, in comparison

\* Introduction, p. lx.

with the three preceding ones, was fully admitted by Strauss, in *one* of his editions; as also a very tolerably fair list of the supplementary facts put forth by the same writer. One very conspicuous feature in the writings of St. John is the exceeding reticence concerning himself; just as the very personal character of St. Paul's Epistles is a very prominent mark of nearly all of them. In the first twelve chapters of St. John's Gospel, the evangelist is not once named, and only once referred to. In the 13th chapter, as elsewhere, we hear of him as "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" and we are told of his lying on his Lord's breast at the Last Supper. We further learn from him that he stood at the foot of the cross with the Virgin Mother (where the twain became adopted mother and son, by the express injunction of the dying Saviour), that he outran St. Peter to the sepulchre, and that a question asked by St. Peter concerning St. John was answered (and misunderstood by some) at the latest earthly manifestation of Jesus at the Sea of Tiberias. These are positively the only facts definitely reported by the evangelist concerning himself, out of the number that he must have been able to supply; though we may infer that he is certainly referred to in one passage, and probably in another.\* He *never* actually mentions his own name in his Gospel. If any of the twelve be prominent, it is, as Strauss justly points out, St. Peter; as in the narrative of the feet-washing and in the closing chapter. In one of these scenes St. John is not alluded to; in the other, only in a very subordinate manner. And though the fourth evangelist recounts very fully the fall of his brother apostle, yet he, and he alone, recounts the important circumstance that the desire of St. Peter to follow his divine Master was, from the first, accepted, though postponed until the speaker had learned his own weakness, and risen on the wings of repentance to a truer self-knowledge and a deeper reliance on a strength beyond his own. "Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, *but thou shalt follow me afterwards.*"†

How does M. Renan treat the authority of the fourth evangelist? The hesitations and

uncertainties, the visible embarrassments, which strew his path in treating of the resurrection of Lazarus, are all seen previously in his criticism of the Gospel that contains it. We have not time to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of his criticism both of the internal and the external evidence—a task which has been well performed by MM. Freppel and Lecœur, and which might be left to Ewald, if, indeed, he should think it worth the trouble. But the following passage must be cited:—

*M. Renan on the Tone of St. John's Gospel.*

"At every page is betrayed the intention of fortifying his own authority, of showing that he was the one preferred by Jesus [M. Renan cites three verses, which, in his arithmetic, is perfectly equivalent to *every page*]; that on all solemn occasions (at the Supper, at Calvary, at the tomb) he held the first place. The relations—fraternal in the main, although not excluding a certain rivalry—of the author with Peter, his hatred, on the contrary, against Judas—a hatred, perhaps, anterior to the treason, *seem*, here and there, to pierce through. *One is tempted to believe* that John, in his old age, having read the evangelical narratives in circulation, remarked there, on the one hand, divers inexactnesses; on the other hand, was *annoyed at seeing that they did not allow him a sufficiently important position*; that he then began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, *with the intention of showing that, in several instances where there was only mention of Peter, he had figured with and before him.*"\*\*

On such a representation of the sentiments of the Evangelist St. John we need hardly pause to comment. Those who can really accept such portraiture as true are far beyond the reach of any argument from us, or perhaps from mortal man. To others there needs no argument. The miserable statement carries with it its own condemnation. St. John jealous of St. Peter—St. John, the victim of the most mean and petty vanity! And this from a writer who claims to be listened to on the ground of love for the subject he has undertaken. M. Renan has yet to learn the very alphabet of apostolic and evangelic lore.

And he who thus deems of the disciple, how shall he understand the Master? What marvel if he stumbles, as he does stumble, at every point of the divine character he has ventured to explain. When he calls our Lord

\* Certainly in chap. 18 : 15 ; most probably also in chap. . 37-40.

† St. John 13 : 36.

\* "Vie de Jesus," Introd. pp. xxvii., xxviii.

"a charming rabbi;" when he calls the Gospel history "a delicious pastoral" (strange pastoral, it has been well replied, which begins with the preaching of repentance and ends with the cross!); when he finds the sublime discourses of Christ recorded by St. John to be "pretentious tirades, badly written, heavy, confusedly metaphysical," etc.; when he suggests that in his closing awful sorrows, those "unknown woes," as an ancient litany pathetically terms them, Jesus may have regretted the damsels who might have loved him: all this, and abundance more of the same sort, is of a piece with our author's lower self—follows naturally from his estimate of St. John. It may suit, for a season, the trifling sentimentality of "young Paris;" but it does not bear the slightest possible resemblance to the real aspect of the Gospel history.

IV. M. Renan belongs, or at least wishes to belong, to that class of narrators which, for want of a better name, we may venture to term "*the constructive school of historic insight*." Now, we wish to ask those among our readers who have paid attention to the subject, whether, even in secular history, this school is at present occupying a very distinguished position? We may be prejudiced; but we certainly think that it is not by any means leading the van. Some eight years have passed since we expressed in this review our sense of the heavy blows which had been dealt by Sir G. C. Lewis to the authority of Niebuhr.\* Since that time, the views adopted by us seem to have gained ground on the whole, though not without a struggle, both in England and in Germany. If high-minded conceptions, couched in vigorous and dignified language, could have saved a book from neglect, Dr. "Arnold's History of Rome" would not be laid aside as it now is. But not content with following Niebuhr in his really successful *disproof* of much that had passed for history, Arnold accepted nearly the whole of what his master claimed to have built up by divination and instinctive sense. The result may now be seen. It is hardly too much to say that Grote, Cornwell Lewis, and Mommsen, are in vogue; that Niebuhr and Arnold are, so far as regards this part of their labors, all but neglected by the students of ancient history.

\* "Canons of Historic Credibility." *Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1856.

But even supposing that, for argument's sake, we were to allow the success of the Niebuhrian plan of investigation in things secular, this would by no means involve the admission that it was suited to the criticism of the Holy Gospels. On this head it may suffice to quote the well-known words of Niebuhr himself. "In my opinion, he is not a Protestant Christian who does not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life, *in their literal acceptation, with all their miracles*, as equally authentic with any event recorded in history, and whose belief in them is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter. . . . Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern philosophers and Pantheists, without a personal God, without immortality, without human individuality, without historical faith, is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be a very intellectual, very ingenious faith-philosophy. I have often said that I do not know what to do with a metaphysical God, and that I will have none with the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart with us."\*

If these words contain, as has been said, a review of Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*" by anticipation, no less truly may it be asserted that they condemn beforehand the theories of M. Ernest Renan:—

"In such an effort to revive the lofty souls of the past, some amount of divination and conjecture ought to be permitted."

For abundant proofs of the license of the divination here claimed by M. Renan, we must refer the reader to M. Freppel's admirable exposure. Two or three examples, partly suggested by him, must here suffice.

After that wonderful explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus, which converts the whole matter into a *ruse*, M. Renan informs us that "the enemies of Jesus were much irritated at all this disturbance. They attempted, *it is said*, to kill Lazarus. *What is certain* is, that thereupon a council was assembled by the chief priests, and in that council the question was clearly put: Can Jesus and Judaism both live?" Now, the only authority for the assembling of the council is the Gospel of St. John. But the same Gospel tells also, not only of the miracle, but also of the attempt to kill Lazarus. Why is the one assertion a case of *it is said*, and the other a certain fact? Because M.

\* Niebuhr's "*Life and Letters*," vol. ii. p. 123..

Renan so divines it. He who some years declared that there was not half a page of real history in the Gospels, now writes a book of four hundred and fifty pages, which is all but entirely based upon the Gospels. Only we must submit to learn at his hands exactly what is fact, what is false, what is probable. The claim seems to us, as we feel sure that it would have done to Niebuhr, the very climax of insufferable arrogance.

Again, St. Luke did not understand Hebrew, though St. Matthew did. The proof? St. Matthew, in giving the name of the Saviour "Jesus," explains its meaning; St. Luke does not. *Ergo*, St. Luke could not have done it. Perhaps we may just venture to remind the reader that the Church owes her three glorious Canticles—the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis—solely, under God, to St. Luke; and that all three are evidently translations from the Hebrew.

We are weary of our task, or we might fill pages with samples of the weak trifling of this nature in which our author has indulged himself, and displayed his powers of "divination"! There is scarcely a single doctrine of the Gospel which he has not travestied; and he has assigned to St. Paul a teaching about marriage which is precisely opposite to the apostle's actual precepts.

V. We regret that we are unable to carry out our intention of comparing M. Renan's hypotheses with other forms of infidelity.\*

Thus much, however, may be said. It was the remark of a pious English clergyman (we rather think Mr. Cecil), some half-century since, that perhaps the next device of Satan would be to put forward the difficulties of belief in a perfectly calm, and seemingly candid manner, without abuse, without any violence of expression. That supposition is, we imagine, in process of being realized.

Now, both M. Renan and Strauss do abstain from certain forms of insult common in Jewish lips since the close of the second century, repeated by Gabler and others, and quite recently renewed in a lecture delivered at Wurtemberg.† If, as is really possible, some lingering spark of reverence has with-

\* The Review of M. Renan in the *Guardian* (the only English *critique* we have had the opportunity of consulting) justly indicates some leading points of difference between the Voltairian and general eighteenth-century infidelity as compared with that of the school of M. Renan.

† See "Christian Work throughout the World," for May, 1860.

held them from uttering that outrage against Christ and against her whom "all generations shall call blessed," then may he who will not quench the smoking flax arouse that dying flame till it consume the miserable hay and stubble they have heaped up. But in all sorrow we do fear the possibility of a less favorable interpretation. The prediction just quoted haunts us. Alas! for them, if their reticence spring more from a conviction that Judaic calumnies and Voltairian sneers are a mistake, and that a smoother, more polished, more sentimental unbelief is the only one that seems likely to have a chance of prevailing. These forms will, it is true, all perish in their turn, until, it may be, the Antichrist, "the last foe of the fold," shall come. But meanwhile it is a problem beyond our feeble powers of discernment, whether it is so great a gain as it may at first sight seem, that Christ should be patronizingly spoken of as "a charming rabbi," than that he should be denounced as "the wretch." There are those who would be repelled by the one who may not be equally shocked by the other. But those who believe in Christ as their God and future Judge must feel that the desecration is in either case not very dissimilar. Even to call our Creator, the Eternal Word, "a great Man" is a blasphemy, though the degree of guilt is so different in different cases that man cannot presume to measure it.

It is a duty, which we owe to our readers before we close, to say a few words upon our intentions in drawing up the list of books at the head of this article. Our object in mentioning certain works, both ancient and modern, which had appeared before the publication of M. Renan's book, was to suggest what we conceive to be the *kind* of reading with which it would be wise to brace the spirit before plunging into the erratic and inconsistent medley of false reasoning and false sentiment which its author presumes to call a "Life of Jesus." The sermons of St. Leo, excellently translated and annotated by Mr. Bright; the selections from St. Athanasius, with the pleasing preface of their pious Lutheran editor, the lamented Professor Thilo; the high-toned and profoundly learned volume of Dr. Mill; the paper by an English clergyman, Mr. Saphir, a truly noble and dignified composition; the sketch ascribed to Napoleon, and the disquisitions of MM. Nicolas and De Broglie; such



writings form an antidote which tends to neutralize the poison of modern forms of scepticism respecting the central verity of the Christian Faith. There are other writings which might be combined with these, or even employed to some extent in their stead. Mr. Young's "Christ of History," and other books referred to in a useful and well-arranged little work on Evidences by Mr. Drew, may be named; and we presume Archbishop Thomson's paper on our Lord in the new "Dictionary of the Bible."\* To him who would dive still more deeply into historic and philosophic questions respecting the mystery of the Incarnation, may be specially recommended Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, the volumes of Petavius *de Dogmatibus Theologicis* which specially treat of the subject, and Dörner's work on the "Person of Christ," which, in the English translation, is supplemented with a thoughtful and useful appendix by Dr. Fairbairn. It is right, however, to remind the student that both of the latter works, though they agree in fundamentals, contain some questionable propositions; and that it is possible that on one question even the conclusions of Bull may be open to some degree of modification. But on the capital point at issue between the great mass of Christians, and the Arians, Socinians, or rationalists, these three are all perfectly agreed.† A more painful duty still remains to be performed. It is impossible for any one to have criticised M. Renan's volume, without the expression of some opinion on the merit or demerit of its author, for having put forth

\* We have not had this volume at hand while writing, and the two new volumes of the same work have not yet reached the writer, or he would gladly have consulted Bishop Fitzgerald's paper on "Miracles."

† That the doctrine of the Incarnation, as taught by the Nicene Creed, and more fully expressed in the Athanasian Creed, or in the second Article of the English Church, is God's own truth, is a ground common to Bull, Petau, and Dörner. With very sincere diffidence, and every willingness to be convinced if he is mistaken, the writer would venture to suggest the following *private* opinions of his own, as probable. 1. That Bishop Bull may possibly, in some cases, have been inclined to minimize the differences between this or that Father, and the decisions of Nicæa. 2. That Petau is unduly extreme in the opposite direction, when he accuses Bishop Alexander of exaggeration for calling the doctrine of Arius new and unheard-of. 3. That Dörner, with the older Lutherans, goes *beyond* the Council of Chalcedon, to say the very least, in teaching a *μετεξέστης* or sort of interchange between the divine and human natures of the Saviour. On points 1 and 2, the Presbyterian Dr. Fairbairn seems admirably just. On point 3, see Dr. Mill on Strauss, *sub init.*

such a work. Although many hints of our judgment on this part of the question may have occurred incidentally in the course of our criticism, we think it right, in closing our remarks, to speak once for all, in a manner more distinct and summary.

We have heard it said by one as far removed as ourselves from any sympathy with M. Renan's views, that the "Vie de Jésus" must be regarded rather as a result of the age, than the production of an individual mind. Such a view of the case embodies a large amount of unquestionable truth, and conveys with it a certain measure of apology for the author. Germany, England, and France, all three are obnoxious to the charge of cherishing this spirit of scepticism; and these three countries led the thought of the Old-World regions. Nor is America far behindhand. Germany has been justly described as that "country of Europe which most unites the mental attributes of the East and West,—which combines, in an uncommon degree, the oriental imaginativeness and aptitude for abstract speculation with the power of patient, critical research which is the boast of Christian Europe."\*

And Germany is the parent of nineteenth-century infidelity, though oftentimes, like the spear of Achilles, she helps to heal the grievous wounds which she has made. England supports both the *Westminster* and the *National Review*; and though both (but especially the latter) appear to us replete with papers which it is impossible to reconcile with each other, both tend to impart a tone of doubt and hesitation which is largely imparted to many of the monthly and weekly serials. And for France herself, if her leading periodical can be taken as an index, we must confess with regret that the *Revue des deux Mondes* seems to us, during the last twelve years, to have traversed a downward rather than an upward course; to display less of that Christian writing which proceeds from the pens of such contributors as MM. de Carné, Guizot, or De Broglie, and more of the rationalism of other members of its staff, as MM. Taine, Reville, Berthelot, and George Sand. Meanwhile, the United States have reared authors of a somewhat similar stamp. Theodore Parker, Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and, we fear we must add, Professor Holmes, are all as far from being

\* Dr. Mill, on Strauss, *sub init.*



worshippers of Christ as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill among ourselves. Yet, however lamentable the state of England, America, and Germany, we doubt whether the following description could at present be written with truth concerning any country but France:—

“ Besides having read M. Bodin, my companion was an *esprit fort*, and believed in nothing. He thought indeed there was a God, but as to Christ, and the angels and devils, they were all devices of the clergy and the governing powers—moral bugbears set up to frighten people and prevent the commission of crime; and it was good policy. As to their reality being proved by the Bible—who made the Bible? *Men*. I asked him if he had never heard of spirits whose return from the dead proved the truth of the Scripture and the reality of an invisible world.

“ ‘Bah!’ he said, ‘*Contes*. Man was an animal, and died as other animals died—living no more.’

“ ‘A sad creed,’ said I, ‘for the poor and the suffering. Would you not be happier if you believed there was a recompense hereafter for those who had suffered and striven to do right on earth?’

“ ‘*Mais puis qu’il n’y a pas de Ciel?*’ was his reply; and we argued all the way we went, and I could not shed a gleam of hope into his soul. One day he will *know better*.

“ Let me say that a sad infidelity appears to me the prevalent tone of feeling among the French of all ranks. In the railway-carriages, from officers, merchants, laborers, travellers of all ranks and degrees, when no priest or nun was present, I have heard nothing but sneers at the weakness of those who believed in *la mythologie* of Christianity. The Revolution has left its traces, and a vast proportion of the people are atheists still. The French seem divided into two classes—those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. Even on earth the first are the happiest, for in their sorrows, however dark and rough their path, the sunshine of God shines above the mountain peaks, while the unhappy doubter sees nothing but the bleak rocks and precipices around him. The fulness of all sorrow is to cease to believe.”\*

The existence of this *miasma* in the atmosphere must be taken into account when we would judge the case of any individual Frenchman. There is another circumstance that adds to the difficulty in the instance before us. M. Ernest Renan is, as we have seen, to an extraordinary extent, a twofold being.

\**Once a Week*, No. 223, for October 3, 1863.—Paper on Saumur, etc., by Mary Eyre, p. 416,

Which is his truer self? It is not wonderful that the two ablest French replies that have reached us (that of the Abbé Freppel and that of M. Raoul Lecœur) should display, amidst a very substantial agreement in all that concerns doctrine and line of argument, a certain measure of divergency in the line of their personal references to the author; the latter being more hopeful, the former the more condemnatory.

It is true that an earthly verdict is, in all cases, that of sinners upon their fellow-sinners. It may often happen that, in a criminal court, the judge himself is as guilty in God’s sight as the felon whom he condemns: and so, too, the author who is charged with heresy or unbelief may be free from many a soil wherewith the soul of him who condemns is bestained. It is well that we should be reminded of these solemn truths: and it reads like the reminiscence of an actual scene when a great living master of fiction describes a batch of criminals receiving the dread sentence of death. “The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the judge: banding both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater judgment that knoweth all things and that cannot err.”\*

Nevertheless, such considerations cannot stay, and ought not to stay, the course of justice upon earth. Society cannot wait for the condemnation of the burglar, the homicide, or the traitor, until such time as those who sit in the judgment-seat are themselves immaculately pure. The ruler of men may be sin-defiled above many of those whom he governs, yet “he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.”

“Vengeance is God’s:  
But he doth oftentimes dispense it here  
By human ministration.”

Ad nullum enim pertinet vindictam facere, nisi ad illum qui Dominus est omnium: nam cum terrenæ potestates hoc rectè faciunt, ipse facit Deus, à quo ad hoc ipsum sunt ordinatæ.”†

\* “Great Expectations,” *sub fin.*

† St. Anselm, *Cur Deus Homo*, lib. i. cap. 12. The lines immediately preceding are from Henry Taylor’s “Philip van Artevelde.”

The day is gone—and we trust, with M. de Montalembert, gone forever—when heresy was included among those faults which the state was called upon to punish with fire and sword. And just because we rejoice at the existence of that comparative secular impunity, the more needful do we esteem it to be, that organs of opinion should speak their sentiments plainly and fearlessly, at the risk of all those hard words (bigotry, intolerance, and the like) which are showered so lavishly by the so-called “rotaries of free thought” upon all who display *their* freedom, by venturing to dissent from those conclusions of scepticism which are most in fashion for the hour.

Not forgetting then, we trust, that we are fellow-sinners; not wishing to thrust aside as nothing such palliation as may arise from the mental condition of Europe, and especially of France; not ignoring the virtues of M. Renan and his capacity for sympathy with much that is good,—a capacity which may even yet, by divine mercy, be permitted to guide homeward that wandering heart and will,—we yet feel compelled to say what we think, and commit it to the judgment that is above all. “If we are to excuse all the moral evil that we can account for, and abstain from judging all of which we can suppose that there is some adequate explanation, where are we to stop in our absolutions?”\*

‘Be it avowed, then, that we know not how the author of such a publication as this “Vie de Jésus” can be acquitted of having wrought a crime against God and man. A crime against the Father, the denial of whose first attribute of Almightyness is the key-note of the entire strain of the work, its first and last falsehood and fallacy; a crime against the Son, whom it again, as has well been said, betrays with a kiss; in that professing to honor him and to say “Hail, Master,” it in reality represents him as a sinner and as a deceiver of the fallen race he came to save; a crime against the Spirit, in that it treats as legends replete with falsities the ever-blessed fourfold record which he inspired to be the everlasting gospel of our salvation. And surely, too, a crime against man. Humanity, even among the very heathen, has been wont to hold, that not *all* of man’s saddening tale of crime and woe had its source in the depths of our own nature, perverted, corrupted though it be; but that evil angels from without had conspired with man’s passions and worldliness to produce these miserable results. M. Renan, without one line that *attempts* to disprove the existence of the rebellious spirits whom Satan leads, or their

influence upon the human mind, simply denies that influence, denies their very being, and thus tears away from man an excuse which, in so far as it affects the case,—and it is revealed that it *does* affect it,—is certain of acceptance at the mercy-seat of Him who “was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.” And further, Christendom, amidst all its differences, has been wont, with singular unanimity, to teach that the human race has one great glory, one sole hope of salvation; that glory and that hope consisting in the fact that the Eternal Son has condescended to become partaker of flesh and blood; to die for the sons of men, to win for them gifts of the Spirit, and to plead their cause in heaven. To the denial of the Incarnation and Atonement, M. Renan has dedicated those powers of heart and head with which his Maker has endowed him. Assuredly those who join with us in the decision which we have—we earnestly trust not lightly nor uncharitably—formed upon his book, must also feel it to be a duty to breathe one devout and heartfelt prayer that “the thought of his heart may be forgiven him.”

While the world lasts, some form of unbelief or misbelief will be rife, and have its day. Pharaoh and Jezebel, Antiochus and Herod, Julian and Porphyry, Arius and Spinoza, Socinus and Strauss; each has his hour and passes on. And the servants of Christ, they, too, go their way and commit his enemies to the all-merciful Judge, “who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” who knows all the temptations and excuses of each, and the unceasing malice of the Evil One. Even those who believe in him and try to obey his righteous laws, have broken them so often, that their first and last cry must be for mercy. And yet they know that where he bestows pardon, that great gift cannot stand alone; no, not even in this life, far, far less in the world to come.

Even the least serious of heathen lyrists could feel the propriety of asking from an object of his misdirected worship, on the dedication of a temple, something better than Sardinian corn and Calabrian wine, than gold and ivory, or fertile lands; and some of the nobler minded among the pagans have risen to a far loftier standard of desire and prayer. But Christians supplicate their Lord and Master for something higher than the heathen’s most exalted aspirations ever soared to in their fondest dreams. With a daring, only not presumptuous because warranted by his own gracious promises, they press forward to a prize transcending all the choicest glories of the very courts of heaven; they look beyond the gifts for the Giver; the reward which they hope by his mercy to attain—it is no merely created thing, it is *himself*.

\* H. Taylor. “Notes on Life,” pp. 46, 47.

## PART IV.—CHAPTER X.

MR. JORDAN had invited a large party of people to meet the Dowager Countess; but the greatness of the leading light, which was to illustrate his house, had blinded him to the companion stars that were to tremble in her company. The principal people about had consented graciously to be reviewed by her ladyship, who, once upon a time, had been a very great lady and fashionable potentate. A very little fashion counts for much on the shores of the Holy Loch, and the population was moved accordingly. But the young ladies who accompanied the dowager were less carefully provided for. When Miss Frankland, who was unquestionably the beauty of the party, cast a glance of careless but acute observation round her, after all the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, she saw nobody whom she cared to distinguish by her notice. Most of the men about had a flavor of conventionality in their talk or their manner or their whiskers. Most of them were rich, some of them were very well bred and well educated, though the saucy beauty could not perceive it; but there was not an individual among them who moved her curiosity or her interest, except one who stood rather in the background, and whose eyes kept seeking her with wistful devotion. Colin had improved during the last year. He was younger than Miss Frankland, a fact of which she was aware, and he was at the age upon which a year tells mightily. Looking at him in the background, through clouds of complacent people who felt themselves Colin's superiors, even an indifferent spectator might have distinguished the tall youth, with those heaps of brown hair overshadowing the forehead which might have been apostrophized as "domed for thought" if anybody could have seen it: and in his eyes that gleam of things miraculous, that unconscious surprise and admiration, which would have given a touch of poetry to the most commonplace countenance. But Miss Matilda was not an indifferent spectator. She was fond of him in her way as women are fond of a man whom they never mean to love—fond of him as one is fond of the victim who consents to glorify one's triumph. As she looked at him and saw how he had improved, and perceived the faithful allegiance with which he watched every movement she made, the heart of the beauty was touched. Worship is sweet, even

when it is only a country boy who bestows it—and perhaps this country boy might turn out a genius or a poet—not that Matilda cared much for genius or poetry; but she liked everything that bestows distinction, and was aware that in the lack of other titles, a little notability, even in society, might be obtained, if one was brave and knew how to manage it, by these means. And besides all this, honestly, and at the foundation, she was fond of Colin. When she had surveyed all the company, and had made up her mind that there was nobody there in the least degree interesting, she held up her fan with a pretty gesture, calling him to her. The lad made his way through the assembly at that call with a smile and glow of exultation which it is impossible to describe. His face was lighted up with a kind of celestial intoxication. "Who is that very handsome young man?" the Dowager Countess was moved to remark as he passed within her ladyship's range of vision, which was limited, for Lady Hallamshire was, like most other people, short-sighted. "Oh, he is not a handsome young man; he is only the tutor," said one of the ladies of the Holy Loch; but, notwithstanding, she, too, looked after Colin, with aroused curiosity. "I suppose Matty Frankland must have met him in society," said the dowager, who was the most comfortable of *chaperones*, and went on with her talk, turning her eyeglass round and towards her pretty charge. As for the young men, they stared at Colin with mingled consternation and wrath. What was he? a fellow who had not a penny, a mere Scotch student, to be distinguished by the prettiest girl in the room? for the aspiring people about the Holy Loch, as well as in the other parts of Scotland, had come to entertain that contempt for the national universities and national scholarships which is so curious a feature in the present transition state of the country. If Colin had been an Oxford man, the west-country people would have thought it quite natural; but a Scotch student did not impress them with any particular respect.

"I'm so glad to meet you again!" said Matty, with the warmest cordiality, "but so surprised to see you here. What are you doing here? why have you come away from that delicious Ramore, where I am sure I should live for ever and ever if it were mine? What have you been doing with yourself all this time? Come and tell me all about

it, and I do so want to know how everything is looking at that dear castle and in our favorite glen. Don't you remember that darling glen behind the church, where we used to gather basketfuls of primroses—and all the lovely moors? I am dying to hear about everything and everybody. Do come and sit down here, and tell me all."

"Where shall I begin?" said Colin, who, utterly forgetful of his position, and all the humiliations incumbent on him in such an exalted company, had instantly taken possession of the seat she pointed out to him, and had placed himself according to her orders directly between her and the company, shutting her into a corner. Miss Matty could see very well all that was going on in the drawing-room, but Colin had his back to the company, and had forgotten everything in the world except her face.

"Oh, with yourself, of course," said Matty. "I want to know all about it; and, first of all, what are you doing among these sort of people?" the young lady continued, with a little more of her face toward the assembled multitude, some of whom were quite within hearing.

"These sort of people have very little to say to me," said Colin; who suddenly felt himself elevated over their heads; "I am only the tutor;" and the two foolish young creatures looked at each other, and laughed, as if Colin of Ramore had been a prince in disguise, and his tutorship an excellent joke.

"Oh, you are only the tutor?" said Miss Matty; "that is charming. Then one will be able to make all sorts of use of you. Everybody is allowed to maltreat a tutor. You will have to row us on the loch, and walk with us to the glen, and carry our cloaks, and generally conduct yourself as becomes a slave and vassal. As for me, I shall order you about with the greatest freedom, and expect perfect obedience," said the beauty, looking with her eyes full of laughter into Colin's face.

"All that goes without saying," said Colin, who did not like to commit himself to the French. "I almost think I have already proved my perfect allegiance."

"Oh, you were only a boy last year," said Miss Matty, with some evanescent change of color, which looked like a blush to Colin's delighted eyes. "Now you are a man and a tutor, and we shall behave to you accordingly.

How lovely that glen was last spring, to be sure," continued the girl, with a little quite unconscious natural feeling; "do you remember the day when it rained, and we had to wait under the beeches, and when you imagined all sorts of things in the gathering of the shower? Do you write any poetry now? I want so much to see what you have been doing since," said the siren, who, half-touched by nature in her own person, was still perfectly conscious of her power.

"Since!" Colin repeated the word over to himself with a flush of happiness which, perhaps, no such good in existence could have equalled. Poor boy! if he could but have known what had happened "since" in Miss Matty's experience—but, fortunately, he had not the smallest idea what was involved in the season which the young lady had lately terminated, or in the brilliant winter campaign in the country, which had brought adorers in plenty, but nothing worthy of the beauty's acceptance, to Miss Matty's feet. Colin thought only of the beatific dreams, the faithful follies which had occupied his own juvenile imagination "since." As for the heroine herself, she looked slightly confused to hear him repeat the word. She had meant it to produce its effect, but then she was thinking solely of a male creature of her own species, and not of a primitive, innocent soul like that which looked at her in a glow of young delight out of Colin's eyes. She was used to be admired and complimented, and humored to the top of her bent, but she did not understand being believed in, and the new sensation somewhat fluttered and embarrassed the young woman of the world. She watched his look, as he replied to her, and thereby added double, though she did not mean it, to the effect of what she had said.

"I never write poetry," said Colin; "I wish I could—I know how I should use the gift; but I have a few verses about somewhere, I suppose, like anybody else. Last spring I was almost persuaded I could do something better; but that feeling lasts only so long as one's inspiration lasts," said the youth, looking down, in his turn, lest his meaning might be discovered too quickly in his eye.

And then there ensued a pause,—a pause which was more dangerous than the talk, and which Miss Matty made haste to break.

"Do you know you are very much changed?" she said. "You never did any

of this society-talk last year. You have been making friends with some ladies somewhere, and they have taught you conversation. But, as for me, I am your early friend, and I preferred you when you did not talk like other people," said Miss Matty, with a slight pout. "Tell me who has been forming your mind."

Perhaps it was fortunate for Colin at this moment that Lady Hallamshire had become much bored by the group which had gathered round her sofa. The dowager was clever in her way, and had written a novel or two, and was accustomed to be amused by the people who had the honor of talking to her. Though she was no longer a leader of fashion, she kept up the manners and customs of that remarkable species of the human race, and when she was bored, permitted her sentiments to be plainly visible in her expressive countenance. Though it was the member of the county who was enlightening her at the moment in the statistics of the West Highlands, and though she had been in a state of great anxiety five minutes before about the emigration which was depopulating the moors, her ladyship broke in quite abruptly in the midst of the poor-rates with a totally irrelevant observation:—

"It appears to me that Matty Frankland has got into another flirtation; I must go and look after her," said the dowager; and she smiled graciously upon the explanatory member, and left him talking, to the utter consternation of their hostess. Lady Hallamshire thought it probable that the young man was amusing as well as handsome, or Matty Frankland, who was a girl of discretion, would not have received him into such marked favor. "Though I dare say there is nobody here worth her trouble," her *chaperone* thought as she looked round the room; but anyhow a change was desirable. "Matty, mignonne, I want to know what you are talking about," she said, suddenly coming to anchor opposite the two young people; and a considerable fuss ensued to find her ladyship a seat, during which time Colin had a hundred minds to run away. The company took a new centre after this performance on the part of the great lady, and poor Colin, all at once, began to feel that he was doing exactly the reverse of what was expected of him. He got up with a painful blush as he met Mr. Jordan's astonished eye. The poor boy did not know that he had been much more re-

marked before: "flirting openly with that dreadful little coquette, Miss Frankland, and turning his back upon his superiors," as some of the indignant bystanders said. Even Colin's matronly friends, who pitied him and formed his mind, disapproved of his behavior. "She only means to make a fool of you, and you ought not to allow yourself to be taken in by it," said one of these patronesses in his ear, calling him aside. But fate had determined otherwise.

"Don't go away," said Lady Hallamshire. "I like Matty to introduce all her friends to me; and you two look as if you had known each other a long time," said the dowager, graciously, for she was pleased, like most women, by Colin's looks. "One would know him again if one met him," she added, in an audible aside; "he doesn't look exactly like everybody else, as most young men do. Who is he, Matty?" And Miss Frankland's *chaperone* turned the light of her countenance full upon Colin, quite indifferent to the fact that he had heard one part of her speech quite as well as the other. When a fine lady consents to enter the outer world, it is to be expected that she should behave herself as civilized people do among savages, and the English among the other nations of the world.

"Oh, yes! we have known each other a long time," said Matty, partly with a generous, partly with a mischievous, instinct. "My uncle knows Mr. Campbell's father very well, and Harry and he and I made acquaintance when we were children. I am sure you must have heard how nearly Harry was drowned once when we were at Kilchain Castle. It was Mr. Campbell who saved his life."

"Oh!" said Lady Hallamshire; "but I thought that was"—and then she stopped short. Looking at Colin again, her ladyship's experienced eye perceived that he was not arrayed with that perfection of apparel to which she was accustomed; but at the moment her eye caught his glowing face, half pleased, half haughty with that pride of lowliness which is of all pride the most defiant. "I am very glad to make Mr. Campbell's acquaintance,"—she went on so graciously that everybody forgot the pause. "Harry Frankland is a very dear young friend of mine, and we are all very much indebted to his deliverer."

It was just what a distinguished matron would have said in the circumstances in one



of Lady Hallamshire's novels; but, instead of remaining overcome with grateful confusion, as the hero ought to have done, Colin made an immediate reply.

"I cannot take the credit people give me," said the lad, with a little heat. "He happened to get into my boat when he was nearly exhausted—that is the whole business. There has been much more talk about it than was necessary. I cannot pretend even to be a friend of Mr. Frankland," said Colin, with the unnecessary explanatoriness of youth, "and I certainly did not save his life."

With which speech the young man disappeared out of sight amid the wondering assembly, which privately designated him a young puppy and a young prig, and by various other epithets, according to the individual mind of the speaker. As for Lady Hallamshire, she was considerably disgusted. "Your friend is original, I dare say; but I am not sure that he is quite civil," she said to Matty, who did not quite know whether to be vexed or pleased by Colin's abrupt withdrawal. Perhaps on the whole the young lady liked him better for having a mind of his own, notwithstanding his devotion, and for preferring to bestow his worship without the assistance of spectators. If he had been a man in the least possible as a lover, Miss Frankland might have been of a different opinion; but, as that was totally out of possibility, Matty liked, on the whole, that he should do what was ideally right, and keep up her conception of him. She gave her head a pretty toss of semi-defiance, and went across the room to Mrs. Jordan, to whom she was very amiable and caressing all the rest of the evening. But she still continued to watch with the corner of her eye the tall boyish figure which was now and then to be discerned in the distance, with those masses of brown hair heaped like clouds upon the forehead, which Colin's height made visible over the heads of many very superior people. She knew he was watching her and noted every movement she made, and she felt a little proud of the slave, who, though he was only the tutor and a poor farmer's son, had something in his eyes which nobody else within sight had any inkling of. Matty was rather clever in her way, which was as much different from Colin's as light from darkness. No man of a mental calibre like hers could have found him out; but she had a little insight, as a woman, which en-

abled her to perceive the greater height when she came within sight of it. And then poor Colin, all unconsciously, had given her such an advantage over him. He had laid his boy's heart at her feet, and, half in love, half in imagination, had made her the goddess of his youth. If she had thought it likely to do him any serious damage, perhaps Matty, who was a good girl enough, and was of some use to the rector and very popular among the poor in her own parish, might have done her duty by Colin, and crushed this pleasant folly in the bud. But then it did not occur to her that a "friendship" of which it was so very evident nothing could ever come could harm anybody. It did not occur to her that an ambitious Scotch boy, who knew no more of the world than a baby, and who had been fed upon all the tales of riches achieved and glories won which are the common fare of many a homely household, might possibly entertain a different opinion. So Matty asked all kinds of questions about him of Mrs. Jordan, and gave him now and then a little nod when she met his eye, and generally kept up a kind of special intercourse far more flattering to the youth than ordinary conversation. Poor Colin neither attempted nor wished to defend himself. He put his head under the yoke, and hugged his chains. He collected his verses, poor boy! when he went to his own room that night,—verses which he knew very well were true to him, but in which it would be rather difficult to explain the fatal stroke,—the grievous blow on which he had expatiated so vaguely that it might be taken to mean the death of his lady rather than the simple fact that she did not come to Kilchain Castle when he expected her. How to make her understand that this was the object of his lamentations puzzled him a little; for Colin knew enough of romance to be aware that the true lover does not venture to address the princess until he has so far conquered fortune as to make his suit with honor to her and fitness in the eyes of the world. The young tutor sat in his bare little room out of the way, and, with eyes that glowed over his midnight candle, looked into the future, and calculated visionary dates at which, if all went with him as he hoped, he might lay his trophies at his lady's feet. It is true that Matty herself fully intended by that time to have daughters ready to enter upon the round of conquest from which she should have retired into ma-

tron dignity ; but no such profanity ever occurred to Colin. Thus the two thought of each other as they went to their rest—the one with all the delusions of heroic youthful love, the other with no delusions at all, but a half-gratitude, half-affection—a woman's compassionate fondness for the man who had touched her heart a little by giving her his, but whom it was out of the question ever to think of loving. And so the coils of fate began to throw themselves around the free-born feet of young Colin of Ramore.

## CHAPTER XI.

LADY HALLAMSHIRE was a woman very accessible to a little judicious flattery, and very sensible of good living. She liked Mr. Jordan's liberal house, and she liked the court that was paid to her ; and was not averse to lengthening out her visit, and converting three days into a fortnight, especially as her ladyship's youngest son, Horace Fitz-Gibbon, who was a lieutenant in the navy, was expected daily in the Clyde—at least his ship was, which comes to the same thing. Horace was a dashing young fellow enough, with nothing but his handsome face (he had his mother's nose, as everybody acknowledged, and, although now a dowager, she had been a great beauty in her day) and the honorable prefix to his name to help him on in the world. Lady Hallamshire had heard of an heiress or two about, and her maternal ambition was stimulated ; and, at the same time, the grouse were bewitching, and the cooking most creditable. The only thing she was sorry for was Matty Frankland, her ladyship said, who never could stay more than a week anywhere, unless she was flirting with somebody, without being bored. Perhaps the necessary conditions had been obtained even at Ardmartin, for Matty bore up very well on the whole. She fulfilled the threat of making use of the tutor to the fullest extent ; and Colin gave himself up to the enjoyment of his fool's paradise without a thought of flying from the dangerous felicity. They climbed the hills together, keeping far in advance of the companions, who overtook them only to find the mood change, and to leave behind in the descent the pair of loiterers, whose pace no calls nor advices, nor even the frequent shower, could quicken ; and they rowed together over the lovely loch, about which Matty, having much fluency of lan-

guage, and the adroitness of a little woman of the world in appropriating other people's sentiments, showed even more enthusiasm than Colin. Perhaps she, too, enjoyed this wonderful holiday in the life which already she knew by heart, and found no novelty in. To be adored, to be invested with all the celestial attributes, to feel herself the one grand object in somebody's world, is pleasant to a woman. Matty almost felt as if she were in love, without the responsibility of the thing, or any need for troubling herself about what it was going to come to. It could come to nothing—except an expression of gratitude and kindness to the young man who had saved her cousin's life. When everything was so perfectly safe, there could be no harm in the enjoyment ; and the conclusion Matty came to, as an experimental philosopher, was, that to fall in love really, excepting the responsibilities, would be an exciting but highly troublesome amusement. She could not help thinking to herself how anxious she should be about Colin if such a thing were possible. How those mistakes which he could not help making, and which at present did not disturb her in the least, would make her glow and burn with shame, if he were really anything to her. And yet he was a great deal to her. She was as good as if she had been really possessed by that love on which she speculated, and almost as happy ; and Colin was in her mind most of the hours of the day when she was awake, and a few of those in which she slept. The difference was, that Matty contemplated quite calmly the inevitable fact of leaving Ardmartin on Monday, and did not think it in the least likely that she would break her heart over the parting ; and that, even in imagination, she never for a moment connected her fate with that of her young adorer. As for the poor youth himself, he went deeper and deeper into the enchanted land. He went without any resistance, giving himself up to the sweet fate. She had read the poems, of course, and had inquired eagerly into that calamity which occupied so great a part in them, and had found out what it was, and had blushed (as Colin thought), but was not angry. What could a shy young lover, whose lips were sealed by honor, but who knew his eyes, his actions, his productions to be alike eloquent, desire more ? Sometimes Lady Hallamshire consented to weigh down the boat, which dipped

hugely at the stern under her and made Colin's task a hard one. Sometimes the tutor, who counted for nobody, was allowed to conduct a cluster of girls, of whom he saw but one, over the peaceful water. Lessons did not count for much in those paradisaical days. Miss Frankland begged holidays for the boys; begged that they might go excursions with her, and make picnics on the hillside, and accompany her to all sorts of places, till Mrs. Jordan was entirely captivated with Matty. She never saw a young lady so taken up with children, the excellent woman said; and prophesied that Miss Matty would make a wonderful mother of a family when her time came. As for the tutor, Mrs. Jordan, too, took him for a cipher, and explained to him how improving it was for the boys to be in good society, by way of apologizing to Colin. At length there occurred one blessed day in which Colin and his boys embarked with Miss Frankland alone, to row across to Ramore. "My uncle has so high an opinion of Mr. Campbell," Matty said, very demurely; "I know he would never forgive me if I did not go to see him." As for Colin, his blessedness was tempered on that particular occasion by a less worthy feeling. He felt, if not ashamed of Ramore, at least apologetic of it and its accessories, which apology took, as was natural to a Scotch lad of his years, an argumentative and defiant tone.

"It is a poor house enough," said Colin, as he pointed it out, gleaming white upon the hillside, to Miss Matty,—who pretended to remember it perfectly, but who after all had not the least idea which was Ramore,—“but I would not change with anybody I know. We are better off in the cottages than you in the parlors. Comfort is a poor sort of heathen deity to be worshipped as you worship him in England. As for us, we have a higher standard,” said the lad, half in sport and more than half in earnest. The two young Jordans, after a little gaping at the talk which went over their heads (for Miss Matty was wonderfully taken up with the children only when their mother was present), had betaken themselves to the occupation of sailing a little yacht from the bows of their boat, and were very well behaved and disturbed nobody.

"Yes," said Matty, in an absent tone. "By the way, I wish very much you would tell me why you rejected my uncle's proposal

about going to Oxford. I suppose you have a higher standard; but then they say you don't have such good scholars in Scotland. I am sure I beg your pardon if I am wrong."

"But I did not say you were wrong," said Colin, who, however, grew fiery red and burned to prove his scholarship equal to that of any Eton lad or Christchurch man. "They say, on the other side, that a man may get through without disgrace, in Oxford or Cambridge, who doesn't know how to spell English," said the youth, with natural exasperation, and took a few long strokes which sent the boat flying across the summer ripples, and consumed his angry energy. He was quite ready to sneer at Scotch scholarship in his own person, when he and his fellows were together, and even to sigh on the completer order and profounder studies of the great universities of England; but to acknowledge the inferiority of his country in any particular to the lady of his wishes, was beyond the virtue of a Scotchman and a lover.

"I did not speak of stupid people," said Miss Matty; "and I am sure I did not mean to vex you. Of course I know you are so very clever in Scotland; everybody allows that. I love Scotland so much," said the politic little woman; "but then every country has its weak points and its strong points; and you have not told me yet why you rejected my uncle's proposal. He wished you very much to accept it; and so did I," said the siren, after a little pause, lifting upon Colin the half-subdued light of her blue eyes.

"Why did you wish it?" the lad asked, as was to be expected, bending forward to hear the answer to his question.

"Oh, look there, little Ben will be overboard in another minute," said Matty, and then she continued lower, "I can't tell you, I am sure; because I thought you were going to turn out a great genius, I suppose."

"But you don't believe that?" said Colin; "you say so only to make the Holy Loch a little more like paradise; and that is unnecessary to-day," the lad went on, glancing round him with eyes full of the light that never was on sea or land. Though he was not a poet, he had what was almost better,—a poetic soul. The great world moved for him always amid everlasting melodies, the morning and the evening stars singing together even through the common day. Just now his cup was about running over. What if, to crown

all, God, not content with giving him life and love, had indeed visibly to the sight of others, if not to his own, bestowed genius also, the other gift most prized of youth. Somehow, he could not contradict that divine peradventure. "If it were so," he said under his breath, "if it were so!" and the other little soul opposite, who had lost sight of Colin at that moment, and did not know through what bright mists he was wandering, strained her limited vision after him, and wondered and asked what he meant.

"If it were so," said Matty, "what then?" Most likely she expected a compliment—and Colin's compliments being made only by inference, and with a shyness and an emotion unknown to habitual manufacturers of such articles, were far from being unpleasant offerings to Miss Matty, who was slightly *blasé* of the common coin.

But Colin only shook his head, and bent his strong young frame to the oars, and shook back the clouds of brown hair from his half-visible forehead. The boat flew like a swallow along the crisp bosom of the loch. Miss Matty did not quite know what to make of the silence, not being in love. She took off her glove and held her pretty hand in the water over the side of the boat, but the loch was cold, and she withdrew it presently. What was he thinking of? she wondered. Having lost sight of him thus, she was reluctant to begin the conversation anew, lest she might perhaps say something which would betray her non-comprehension, and bring her down from that pedestal which, after all, it was pleasant to occupy. Feminine instinct at last suggested to Matty what was the very best thing to do in the circumstances. She had a pretty voice, and perfect ease in the use of it, and knew exactly what she could do, as people of limited powers generally can. So she began to sing, murmuring to herself at first as she stooped over the water, and then rising into full voice. As for Colin, that last touch was almost too much for him; he had never heard her sing before, and he could not help marvelling, as he looked at her, why Providence should have lavished such endowments upon one, and left so many others unprovided—and fell to rowing softly, dropping his oars into the sunshine with as little sound as possible, to do full justice to the song. When Matty had come to the end, she turned on him quite abruptly, and, almost before the last

note had died from her lips, repeated her question. "Now tell me why did you refuse to go to Oxford?" said the little siren, looking full into Colin's face.

"Because I can't be dependent upon any man, and because I had done nothing to entitle me to such a recompense," said Colin, who was taken by surprise; "you made a mistake about that business," he said, with a slight sudden flush of color, and immediately fell to his oars again with all his might.

"It is very odd," said Miss Matilda. "Why don't you like Harry? He is nothing particular, but he is a very good sort of boy, and it is so strange that you should have such a hatred to each other—I mean to say, he is not at all fond of you," she continued, with a laugh. "I believe he is jealous because we all talk of you so much, and it must be rather hard upon a boy after all to have his life *saved*, and to be expected to be grateful; for I don't believe a word you say," said Miss Matty. "I know the rights of it better than you do—you *did* save his life."

"I hope you will quite release him from the duty of being grateful," said Colin; "I don't suppose there is either love or hatred between us. We don't know each other to speak of, and I don't see any reason why we should be fond of each other;" and again Colin sent the boat forward with long, rapid strokes, getting rid of the superfluous energy which was roused within him by hearing Frankland's name.

"It is very odd," said Matty again. "I wonder if you are fated to be rivals, and come in each other's way. If I knew any girl that Harry was in love with, I should not like to introduce you to her," said Miss Matilda, and she stopped and laughed a little, evidently at something in her own mind. "How odd it would be if you were to be rivals through life," she continued; "I am sure I can't tell which I should most wish to win—my cousin, who is a very good boy in his way, or you, who puzzle me so often," said the little witch, looking suddenly up into Colin's eyes.

"How is it possible I can puzzle you?" he said; but the innocent youth was flattered by the sense of superiority involved. "There can be very little rivalry between an English baronet and a Scotch minister," continued Colin. "We shall never come in each other's way."

"And *must* you be a Scotch minister?"



said Miss Matty, softly. There was a regretful tone in her voice, and she gave an appealing glance at him, as if she were remonstrating against that ministry. Perhaps it was well for Colin that they were so near the shore, and that he had to give all his attention to the boat, to secure the best landing for those delicate little feet. As he leaped ashore himself, ankle-deep into the bright but cold water, Colin could not but remember his boyish scorn of Henry Frankland, and that dislike of wet feet which was so amusing and wonderful to the country boy. Matters were wonderfully changed now-a-days for Colin; but still he plunged into the water with a certain relish, and pulled the boat ashore with a sense of his strength and delight in it, which at such a moment it was sweet to experience. As for Miss Matty, she found the hill very steep, and accepted the assistance of Colin's arm to get over the sharp pebbles of the beach.

"One ought to wear strong boots," she said, holding out the prettiest little foot, which indeed had been perfectly revealed before by the festooned dress, which Miss Matty found so convenient on the hills. When Colin's mother saw from her window this pair approaching alone (for the Jordan boys were ever so far behind, still coquetting with their toy yacht), it was not wonderful if her heart beat more quickly than usual. She jumped, with her womanish imagination, at all kinds of incredible results, and saw her Colin happy and great, by some wonderful conjunction of his own genius and the favor of others, which it would have been hopeless to attempt any comprehension of. The mistress altogether puzzled and overwhelmed Miss Matty by the greeting she gave her. The little woman of the world looked in utter amazement at the poor farmer's wife, whom she meant to be very kind and amiable to, but who, to her consternation, took the superior part by right of nature; for Mrs. Campbell, having formed her own idea, was altogether obtuse to her visitor's condescensions. The parlor at Ramore looked dingy certainly after the drawing-rooms of Ardmartin, and all the business of the farm was manifestly going on as usual; but even Colin, sensitive as he had become to all the differences of circumstances, was puzzled, like Matty, and felt his mother to have suddenly developed into a kind of primitive princess. Perhaps the poor boy guessed why, and felt that his love was elevating not only himself

but everybody who belonged to him; but Miss Matty, who did not understand how profound emotion could affect anybody's manners, nor how her young admirer's mother could be influenced by his sentiments, was entirely in the dark, and could not help being immensely impressed by the bearing and demeanor of the mistress of Ramore.

"I'm glad it's such a bonny day," said Colin's mother; "it looks natural and seemly to see you here on a day like this. As for Colin, he aye brings the light with him, but no often such sunshine as you. I canna lay any great feast before you," said the farmer's wife with a smile, "but young things like you are aye near enough heaven to be pleased with the common mercies. After a', if I was a queen, I couldna offer you anything better than the wheat bread and the fresh milk," said the mistress; and she set down on the table, with her own tender hands, the scones for which Ramore was famous, and the abundant overrunning jug of milk, which was not to be surpassed anywhere, as she said. Matty sat down with an odd involuntary conviction that Mr. Jordan's magnificent table on the other side of the loch offered but a poor hospitality in comparison. Though she laughed at herself, we know, after, it was quite impossible at that moment to feel otherwise than respectful. "I never saw anybody with such beautiful manners," she said to Colin as they went back to the boat. She did not take his arm this time, but walked very demurely after him down the narrow path, feeling upon her the eyes of the mistress, who was standing at her door as usual to see her son go away. Matty could not help a little natural awe of the woman, whose fierce eyes were watching her. She could manage her aunt perfectly, and did not care in the least for Lady Halamshire, who was the most accommodating of *chaperones*, but Mrs. Campbell's sweet looks and generous reception of her son's enslaver somehow overwhelmed Matty. The mistress looked at the girl as if she considered her capable of all the grand and simple emotions, and Matty was half-ashamed and half-frightened, and did not feel able at the moment to pursue her usual amusement. The row back, to which Colin had been looking with a thrill of expectation, was silent and grave, in comparison with all their former expeditions, notwithstanding that this was the last time they were likely to see each



other alone. Poor Colin thought of Lauderdale and his philosophy, for the first time for many days, when he had to stop behind to place the boat in safety on the beach, even Matty, who generally waited for him, skipping up the avenue as fast as she could go, with the little Jordans beside her. Never yet was reality which came truly up to the expectation. Here was an end of his fool's paradise; he vexed himself by going over and over all that had passed, wondering if anything had offended her, and then thought of Ramore with a pang at his heart—a pang of something nobler than the mere bitterness of contrast, which sometimes makes a poor man over-ashamed of his home. But all this time the true reason for this new-born reserve—which Miss Matty kept up victoriously until about the close of the evening, when, being utterly bored, she forgot her good resolution and called him to her side again—was quite unsuspected by Colin. He could not divine how susceptible to the opinion of women was the woman's heart, even when it retained but little of its first freshness. Matty was not startled by Colin's love, but she was by his mother's belief in it and herself; it stopped her short in her careless career, and suggested endings that were not pleasant to think of. If she had been left in amazement for a day or two after, it might have been well for Colin; but, being bored, she returned to her natural amusement, and this interruption did him no good in the end.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE parting of the two who had been thrown so much together, who had thought so much of each other, and who had, notwithstanding, so few things in common, was as near an absolute parting as is practicable in this world of constant commotion, where everybody meets everybody else in the most unlikely regions. Colin dared not propose to write to her; dared not, indeed,—being withheld by the highest impulses of honor,—venture to say to her what was in his heart; and Miss Matty herself was a little silent,—perhaps a little moved,—and could not utter any commonplaces about meeting again, as she had intended to do. So they said good-by to each other in a kind of absolute way, as if it might be for ever and ever. As for Matty, who was not in love, but whose heart was touched, and who had a vague, instinctive

sense that she might never more meet anybody in her life like this country lad—perhaps she had enough generosity left in her to feel that it would be best they should not meet again. But Colin had no such thoughts. He knew in his heart that one time—how or when he knew not—he should yet go to her feet and offer what he had to offer: everything else in the world except that one thing was doubtful to Colin, but concerning that he was confident, and entertained no fear. And so they parted; she, perhaps, for half an hour or so, the more deeply moved of the two. Miss Matty, however, was just as captivating as usual in the next house they went to, where there were one or two people worth looking at, and the company in general was more interesting than at Ardmartin; but Colin, for his part, spent most of the evening on the hillside, revolving in the silence a hundred tumultuous thoughts. It was the end of September, and the nights were cold on the Holy Loch. There was not even a moon to enliven the landscape, and all that could be seen was the cold blue glimmer of the water, upon which Colin looked down with a kind of desolate sense of elevation—elevation of the mind and of the heart, which made the grief of parting look like a grand moral agent, quickening all his powers, and concentrating his strength. Henceforward the strongest of personal motives was to inspire him in all his conflicts. He was going into the battle of life with his lady's colors on his helmet, like a knight of romance, and failure was not to be thought of as a possibility. As he set his face to the wind going back to Ardmartin, the pale sky lightened over the other side of the loch, and underneath the breaking clouds, which lay so black on the hills, Colin saw the distant glimmer of a light, which looked like the light in the parlor window at Ramore. Just then a sudden gust swept across the hillside, throwing over him a shower of falling leaves, and big raindrops from the last shower which had been hanging on the branches. There was not a soul on the road but Colin himself, nor anything to be seen far or near, except the dark tree-tops in the Lady's Glen, which were sighing in the night wind, and the dark side of Ardmartin, where all the shutters were closed, and one soft star hanging among the clouds just over the spot where that little friendly light in the farmhouse of Ramore held up its glimmer of human conso-

lation into the darkness. It was not Hero's torch to light his love—was it, perhaps, a sober gleam of truth and wisdom to call the young Leander back from those bitter waters in which he could but perish? All kinds of fancies were in Colin's mind as he went back, facing the wind, to the dull, closed-up house, from which the enchantment had departed; but among them there occurred no thought of discouragement from this pursuit upon which now his heart was set. He would have drowned himself, could he have imagined it possible that he could cease to love—and so long as he loved, how was it possible to fail?

"And must you be a Scotch minister?" When Colin went home a fortnight later to make his preparations for returning to the University, he was occupied, to the exclusion of almost all other questions, by revolving this. It is true that at his age, and with his inexperience, it was possible to imagine that even a Scotch minister, totally unfavored by fortune, might, by mere dint of genius, raise himself to heights of fame sufficient to bring Sir Thomas Frankland's niece within his reach—but the thing was unlikely, even to the lively imagination of twenty. And it was the fact that Colin had no special "vocation" toward the profession for which he was being trained. He had been educated and destined for it all his life, and his thoughts had a natural balance that way. But otherwise there was no personal impulse in his mind toward what Mrs. Jordan called "the work of the ministry." Hitherto his personal impulses had been neither for nor against. Luckily for Colin, and many of his contemporaries, there were so many things to object to in the Church of Scotland, so many defects of order and external matters which required reformation, that they were less strongly tempted to become sceptical in matters of faith than their fellows elsewhere. As for Colin himself, he had fallen off, no doubt, from the certainty of his boyhood upon many important matters; but the lad, though he was a Scotsman, was happily illogical, and suffered very little by his doubts. Nothing could have made him sceptical, in any real sense of the word, and accordingly there was no repulsion in Colin's mind against his future profession. But now! He turned it over in his mind night and day in the interval between Matty's departure and his own return to Ramore. What if, instead

of a Scotch minister, incapable of promotion, and to whom ambition itself was unlawful, he were to address himself to the Bar, where there were at least chances and possibilities of fame? He was occupied with this question, to the exclusion of any other, as he crossed the loch in the little stream, and landed on the pier near Ramore, where his young brothers met him, eager to carry his travelling-bag, and convey him home in triumph. Colin was aware that such a proposal on his part would occasion grievous disappointment at home, and he did not know how to introduce the subject, or disclose his wavering wishes. It was a wonderful relief, as well as confusion to him, when he entered the Ramore parlor, to find Lauderdale in possession of the second arm-chair, opposite the mistress's, which was sacred to visitors. He had arrived only the evening before, having left Glasgow "for a holiday, like anybody else, in the saut-water season," said the gentle giant, "the first I ever mind of having in my life. But I'm very well off in my present situation," he said, breaking off suddenly, with a twinkle of mirth in his eye, as was usual when he referred to his occupation, the nature of which was unknown even to his dearest friends.

"It's ower cauld to have much good of the water," said the mistress; "the boat's no laid up yet, waiting for Colin, but the weather's awfu' winterly—no to say soft," she added, with a little sigh, "for it's aye soft weather among the lochs, though we've had less rain than common this year."

And as the mistress spoke, the familiar, well-known rain came sweeping down over the hills. It had the usual effect upon the mind of the sensitive woman. "We maun take a' the good we can of you, laddie," she said, laying her kind hand on her boy's shoulder, "it's only a sight we get now in passing. He's ower much thought of, and made of, to spend his time at hame," said the mistress, turning, with a half-reproachful pride to Lauderdale; "I'll be awfu' sorry if the rain lasts, on your account. But, for myself, I could put up with a little soft weather, to see mair of Colin; no that I want him to stay at hame when he might be enjoying himself," the mother added, with a compunction. Soft weather on the Holy Loch signified rain and mist, and everything that was most discouraging to Mrs. Campbell's soul; but she was

ready to undergo anything the skies could inflict upon her, if fortified by the society of her son.

It was the second night after this before Colin could make up his mind to introduce the subject of which his thoughts were full. Tea was over by that time, and all the household assembled in the parlor. The farmer himself had just laid down his newspaper, from which he had been reading to them scraps of country gossip, somewhat to the indignation of the mistress, who, for her part, liked to hear what was going on in the world, and took a great interest in Parliament and the foreign intelligence. "I canna say that I'm heeding about the muckle apple that's been grown in Clydesdale, nor the new bailies in Greenock," said the farmer's wife. "If you would read us something wise-like about the poor oppressed Italians, or what Louis Napoleon is thinking about—I canna excuse him for what they ca' the *coo-deta*," said Mrs. Campbell; "but for a' that, I take a great interest in him;" and with this the mistress took up her knitting with a pleasant anticipation of more important news to come.

"There's nothing in the *Herald* about Louis Napoleon," said the farmer, "nor the Italians neither—no that I put much faith in those Italians; they'll quarrel among themselves when there's naeboddy else to quarrel wi'—though I'm no saying anything against Cavour and Garibaldi. The paper's filled full o' something mair immediately interesting—at least, it ought to have mair interest to you wi' a son that's to be a minister. Here's three columns mair about that Dreepdaily case. It may be a grand thing for popular rights, but it's an awfu' ordeal for a man to gang through," said big Colin, looking ruefully at his son.

"I was looking at that," said Lauderdale. "It's his prayers the folk seem to object to most—and no wonder. I've heard the man mysel', and his sermon was not bad reasoning, if anybody wanted reasoning; but it's aye a wonderful thing to me the way that new preachers take upon them to explain matters to the Almighty," said Colin's friend, reflectively. "So far as I can see, we've little to ask in our worship; but we have an awfu' quantity of things to explain."

"It is an ordeal I could never submit to," said Colin, with perhaps a little more heat than was necessary. "I'd rather starve than

be set up as a target for a parish. It is quite enough to make a cultivated clergy impossible for Scotland. Who would submit to expose one's life, all one's antecedents, all one's qualities of mind and individualities of language to the stupid criticism of a set of boors? It is a thing I never would submit to," said the lad, meaning to introduce his doubts upon the general subject by this means.

"I dinna approve of such large talking," said the farmer, laying down his newspaper. "It's a great protection to popular rights. I would sooner run the risk of disgusting a fastidious laird now and then, than put in a minister that gives nae satisfaction; and if you canna submit to it, Colin, you'll never get a kirk, which would be worse than criticism," said his father, looking full into his face. The look brought a conscious color to Colin's cheeks.

"Well," said the young man, feeling himself driven into a corner, and taking what courage he could from the emergency, "one might choose another profession;" and then there was a pause, and everybody looked with alarm and amazement on the bold speaker. "After all, the Church is not the only thing in Scotland," said Colin, feeling the greatness of his temerity. "Nobody ventures to say it is in a satisfactory state. How often do I hear you criticising the sermon and finding fault with the prayers? and, as for Lauderdale, he finds fault with everything. Then, look how much a man has to bear before he gets a church as you say. As soon as he has his presentation, the Presbytery comes together and asks if there are any objections; and then the parish sits upon the unhappy man; and, when everybody has had their turn, and all his peculiarities and personal defects and family history have been discussed before the Presbytery, and put in the newspapers, if they happen to be amusing, then the poor wretch has to sign a confession which nobody"—

"Stop you there, Colin, my man," said the farmer, "that's enough at one time. I wouldna say that you were a'thegither wrong as touching the sermon and the prayers. It's awfu' to go in from the like of this hillside and weary the very heart out of you in a close kirk, listening to a man preaching that has nothing in this world to say. I am whiles inclined to think," said big Colin, thoughtfully—"laddies, you may as well go to your

beds. You'll see Colin the morn, and ye canna understand what we're talking about. I am whiles disposed to think," he continued after a pause, during which the younger members of the family had left the room, after a little gentle persuasion on the part of the mistress, "when I go into the kirk on a bonnie day, such as we have by times on the loch, baith in summer and winter, that it's an awfu' waste of time. You lose a' the bonnie prospect, and you get naething but weariness for your pains. I've aye been awfu' against set prayers read out of a book; but I canna but allow the English chapel has an advantage there, for nae fool can spoil your devotion as I've heard it done many and many's the time. I ken our minister's prayers very near as well as if they were written down," said the farmer of Ramore, "and the maist part of them is quite nonsense. Ony little scraps o' real supplication there may be in them, you could get through in five minutes; the rest is a' remarks, that I never can discriminate if they're meant for me or for the Almighty; but my next neibor would think me an awfu' heathen if he heard what I'm saying," he continued, with a smile; "and I'm far from sure that I would get a mair merciful judgment from the wife herself."

The mistress had been very busy with her knitting while her husband was speaking; but, notwithstanding her devotion to her work, she was uneasy and could not help showing it. "If we had been our lane, it would have been naething," she said to Colin, privately; "but afore you man that's a stranger and doesna ken!" With which sentiment she sat listening, much disturbed in her mind. "It's no a thing to say before the bairns," she said, when she was thus appealed to, "nor before folk that dinna ken you. A stranger might think you were a careless man to hear you speak," said Mrs. Campbell, turning to Lauderdale with a bitter vexation, "for a' that you hanna missed the kirk half a dozen times a' the years I have kent you, and that's a long time," said the mother, lifting her soft eyes to her boy. When she looked at him, she remembered that he, too, had been rash in his talk. "You're turning awfu' like your father, Colin," said the mistress, taking up the same thoughtless way of talking. "But I think different for a' you say. Our ain kirk is aye our ain kirk to you as well as to me, in spite o' your

speaking. I'm well accustomed to their ways," she said, with a smile, to Lauderdale, who, so far from being the dangerous observer she thought him, had gone off at a tangent into his own thoughts.

"The Confession of Faith is a real respectable historical document," said Lauderdale. "I might not like to commit myself to a' it says, if you were to ask me; but then I'm not the kind o' man that has a heart to commit myself to anything in the way of intellectual truth. I wouldna bind myself to say that I would stand by any document a year after it was put forth, far less a hundred years. There's things in it naeboddy believes—for example, about the earth being made in six days; but I would not advise a man to quarrel with his kirk and his profession for the like of that. I put no dependence on geology for my part, nor any of the sciences. How can I tell but somebody might make a discovery the morn that would upset all their fine stories? But, on the whole, I've very little to say against the Confession. It's far more guarded about predestination and so forth than might have been expected. Every man that has a head on his shoulders believes in predestination; though I would not be the man to commit myself to any statement on the subject. The like of me is good for little," said Colin's friend, stretching his long limbs toward the fire, "but I've great ambition for that callant. He's not a common callant, though I'm speaking before his face," said Lauderdale; "it would be terrible mortifying to me to see him put himself in a corner and refuse the yoke."

"If I cannot bear the yoke conscientiously, I cannot bear it at all," said Colin, with a little heat. "If you can't put your name to what you don't believe, why should I?—and as for ambition," said the lad, "ambition! what does it mean?—a country church, and two or three hundred ploughmen to criticise me, and the old wives to keep in good humor, and the young ones to drink tea with—is that work for a man?" cried the youth, whose mind was agitated, and who naturally had said a good deal more than he intended to say. He looked round in a little alarm after this rash utterance, not knowing whether he had been right or wrong in such a disclosure of his sentiments. The father and mother looked at each other, and then turned their eyes simultaneously upon their son. Perhaps



the mistress had a glimmering of the correct meaning which Colin would not have betrayed wittingly, had it cost him his life.

"Eh, Colin, sometime ye'll think better," she cried under her breath,—"after a' our pride in you and our hopes!" The tears came into her eyes as she looked at him. "It's mair honor to serve God than to get on in the world," said the mistress. The disappointment went to her heart, as Colin could see; she put her hands hastily to her eyes to clear away the moisture which dimmed them. "It's maybe naething but a passing fancy; but it's no what I expected to hear from any bairn of mine," she said, with momentary bitterness. As for the farmer, he looked on with a surprised and inquiring countenance.

"There has some change come over you, Colin, what has happened?" said his father. "I'm no a man that despises money, nor thinks it as in to get on in the world; but it's only fools that quarrel wi' what's within their reach for envy of what they can never win to. If ye had displayed a strong bent any other way I wouldna have minded," said big Colin—"but it's aye appeared to me that to write in a kind of general way on whatever subject might chance to turn up was mair the turn of your mind than any other line, which is a sure sign you were born to be a minister. It's the new-fangled dishes at Ardmartin that have spoiled the callant's digestion," said the farmer with a twinkle of humor in his eye—"they tell me that discontent and meesery of a' kinds proceeds no from the mind but from the mucous membrane. He'll come back to his natural inclination when he's been at home for a day or two. I would na' say but Gregory's mixture was a great moral agent according to the new philosophy," said big Colin, laying his large hand on his son's shoulder with a pressure which meant more than his words; but the youth was vexed and impatient, and imagined himself laughed at, which is the most dreadful of insults, at Colin's age, and in his circumstances. He paid no attention to his father's looks, but plunged straightway into vehement declaration of his sentiments, to which the elder people around him listened with many complications of feeling unknown to Colin. The lad thought, as was natural at his years, that nobody had ever felt before him the bondage of circumstance, and that it was a new revela-

tion he was making to his little audience. If he could have imagined that both the men were looking at him with the half-sympathy, half-pity, half-envy of their maturer years, remembering as vividly as if it had occurred but yesterday similar outbreaks of impatience and ambition and natural resistance to all the obstacles of life, Colin would have felt deeply humiliated in his youthful fervor; or, if he could but have penetrated the film of softening dew in his mother's eyes, and beheld there the woman's perennial spectatorship of that conflict which goes on forever. Instead of that, he thought he was making a new revelation to his hearers; he thought he was cruel to them, tearing asunder their pleasant mists of illusion, and disenchanting their eyes; he had not an idea that they knew all about it better than he did, and were watching him along the familiar path which they all had trod in different ways, and of which they knew the inevitable ending. Colin, in the heat and impatience of his youth, took full advantage of his moment of utterance. He poured forth in his turn that flood of immeasurable discontent with all conditions and restrictions, which is the privilege of his years. To be sure, the restrictions and conditions surrounding himself were, so far as he knew, the sole objects of that indignation and scorn and defiance which came to his lips by force of nature. The mistress listened, for her part, with that mortification which is always the woman's share. She understood him, sympathized with him, and yet did not understand nor could tolerate his dissent from all that in her better judgment she had decided upon on his behalf. She was far more tender, but she was less tolerant than the other spectators of Colin's outburst; and mingled with all her personal feeling was a sense of wounded pride and mortification, that her boy had thus betrayed himself "before a stranger." "If we had been our lane, it would have been less matter," she said to herself, as she wiped the furtive tears hurriedly from the corners of her eyes.

When Colin had come to an end, there was a pause. The boy himself thought it was a pause of horror and consternation, and perhaps was rather pleased to produce an effect in some degree corresponding to his own excitement. After that moment of silence, however, the farmer got up from his chair. "It's very near time we were a' gaun to our



beds," said big Colin. "I'll take a look round to see that the beasts are comfortable, and then we'll have in the hot water. You and me can have a talk the morn," said the farmer to his son. That was all the reply which the youth received from the parental authorities. When the master went out to look after the beasts, Lauderdale followed to the door, where Colin in another moment strayed after him, considerably mortified, to tell the truth; for even his mother addressed herself to the question of "hot water," which implied various other accessories of the homely supper-table; and the young man, in his excitement and elevation of feeling, felt as if he had suddenly tumbled down out of the stormy but lofty firmament, into which he was soaring—down with a shock, into the embraces of the homely, tenacious earth. He went after his friend, and stood by Lauderdale's side, looking out into a darkness so profound that it made his eyes ache and confused his very mind. The only gleam of light visible in earth or heaven was big Colin's lantern, which showed a tiny gleam from the door of the byre where the farmer was standing. All the lovely landscape round the loch and the hills, the sky and the clouds, lay unseen,—hidden in the night. "Which is an awfu' grand moral lesson, if we had true sense to discern it," said the voice of Lauderdale, ascending half-way up to the clouds; "for the loch has na vanished, as might be supposed, but only the light. As for you, callant," said the philosopher, "you hae neither the light nor the darkness as yet, but are aye seeing miraculous effects like yon man Turner's pictures, Northern Streamers, or Aurora Borealis, or whatever ye may call it. And it's but just you should have your day; " with which words Lauderdale heaved a great sigh, which moved the clouds of hair upon Colin's forehead, and even seemed to disturb for a moment the profound gloom of the night.

"What do you mean by having my day?" said Colin, who was affronted by the suggestion. "You know I have said nothing that is not true. Can I help it if I see the difficulties of my own position more clearly than you do, who are not in my circumstances?" cried the lad with a little indignation. Lauderdale, who was watching the lantern gliding out and in through the darkness, was some time before he made any reply.

"I'm no surprised at yon callant Leander, when one comes to think of it," he said, in his reflective way; "it's a fine symbol, that Hero in her tower. Maybe she took the lamp from the altar and left the household god in darkness," said the calm philosopher; "but that makes no difference to the story. I would na' say but I would swim the Hellespont myself for such an inducement—or the Holy Loch—it's little matter which—but whiles she lets fall the torch before you get to the end"—

"What on earth do you mean? or what has Hero to do with me?" cried Colin, with a secret flush of shame and rage, which the darkness concealed, but which he could scarcely restrain.

"I was not speaking of you—and after all, it's but a fable," said Lauderdale; "most history is fable, you know; it's no actual events (which I never believe in, for my part), but the instincts o' the human mind that make history, and that's how the Heros and Leanders are aye to be accounted for. He was drowned in the end like most people," said Lauderdale, turning back to the parlor where the mistress was seated, pondering with a troubled countenance upon this new aspect of her boy's life. Amid the darkness of the world outside, this tender woman sat in the sober radiance of her domestic hearth, surrounded and enshrined by light; but she was not like Hero, on the tower. Colin, too, came back, following his friend with a flush of excitement upon his youthful countenance. After all, the idea was not displeasing to the young man. The Hellespont, or the Holy Loch, was nothing to the bitter waters which he was prepared to breast for the sake of the imaginary torch held up in the hand of that imaginary woman who was beckoning Colin, as he thought, into the unknown world. Life was beginning anew in his person, and all the fables had to be enacted over again; and what did it matter to the boy's heroic fancy, if he, too, should go to swell the records of the noble martyrs, and be drowned, as Lauderdale said, like most people in the end.

There was no more conversation upon that important subject until next morning, when the household of Ramore got up early, and sat down to breakfast before it was perfect daylight; but Colin's heart jumped to his mouth, and a visible thrill went through the whole family, when the farmer came in from his early inspection of all the byres and stables, with another letter from Sir Thomas Frankland conspicuous in his hand.

From The Examiner, 27 Feb.

THE DEBATE ON THE STEAM RAMS.

THE Tories are said to be dreaming of office; they certainly talk like men in their sleep. They are impatient, angry, and loud, but there is no coherence in what they say; and when asked the simplest question, they cannot give an intelligible answer. To make out against ministers a case of oppression and cruelty, they dwell on the arrest of the Confederate rams on the eve of their going forth from the Mersey to prey on the mercantile marine of a people with whom we are at peace; and to prove this despotic intention and temper they dwell upon the offer to buy the vessels for the use of the admiralty at their full value, and taunt the law officers of the crown with not having indicted Messrs. Laird for building the *Alabama*, and getting her by stealth out of port. A great principle, we are gravely told, is at stake. Constitutional freedom is in jeopardy. With solemn face, Mr. Walpole warns the House of Commons against applying to international questions the principles of justice with which we are familiar in municipal law; with an amusing affectation of liberalism, Sir Hugh Cairns likens the stoppage of notoriously unlawful ships to the power formerly assumed of issuing general warrants for the seizure of persons and papers; and, outrunning as usual his leaders in rashness, Lord Rupert Cecil informs us that it is an evil day for England when Parliament refuses to censure a government which, at the dictation of a foreign power, had "set at defiance every safeguard that the law had placed around private rights." If he had said pirate rights there would have been more candor, though not more sense or justice in the farrago. Can any one in his sober senses believe that if the Administration had really been guilty of anything of the sort imputed to them, the House of Commons would hesitate in saying so, and in driving them from their places? This is Lord Derby's Parliament, and it is five years old. Though not containing at first as many members of the Carlton Club as those who called it into existence hoped for, the ranks of the minority, we are daily reminded, have been gradually reinforced, by returns like those for Southampton and Brighton, by the defection of the Catholic party, and by the change of sides of men like Messrs. Lindsay and Roebuck. Parties are, thus nearly balanced in

parliamentary numbers, and a day of reckoning at the hustings is at hand. If, then, any real case could be made out of such an assumption of oppressive power by the executive as the reckless and eloquent expectants of office pretend, why do they not give the House of Commons an opportunity of saying so in plain terms? That was not the way that opposition behaved on Lord Clarendon's conspiracy bill. Parliament was then young, and had no immediate fear of dissolution to quicken its sense of national honor: and it was a Parliament called into being by the Cabinet of which the noble earl was a member. But the moment it was shown that at the dictation of a foreign government the Cabinet of 1858 was tampering with our municipal law, the doom of that Cabinet was sealed. A majority of that Parliament sits in the Parliament of to-day. The precedent is too recent to be forgotten; why is it not followed? We will tell Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Walpole; because they cannot convince anybody, not even themselves, that Earl Russell has made the blunder with respect to America which Lord Clarendon made with respect to France.

But there is absurdity and incoherency in the charge, in whatever aspect we view it. Parliament is justly jealous of whatever looks like truckling to the menace of a foreign state; and the nation, though ready to waive many a punctilio for the sake of preserving peace, is always tenacious of its dignity, and prompt to resist dictation from an overbearing neighbor. But then the neighbor must be in a condition to overbear. The English people and English Parliament cannot be worked up into a rage at paulo-post-future expressions of resentment on the part of a country whose military resources it believes to be well-nigh exhausted, and which is still writhing in the agonies of a fearful civil war. Nothing can be more unlike the attitude of France in 1858, flushed with recent triumph and full of men, money, and arms, than the position of Federal America in 1863. If it be not a Tory secret, which we have no right to ask, will Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald or any of his supporters in Tuesday night's debate, tell us what there was to be afraid of in Mr. Seward's rhetoric or Mr. Adams's more temperate expostulation? If public opinion be with the building of buccaneering vessels in our ports, contrary to the obvious

meaning and intent of the Statute Law, would not a trimming and time-serving minister be far more likely to yield, to court its smile preparatory to a general election, than to yield to the feeble frown of a distant, disorganized, and disaster-stricken government? In other words, what conceivable motive could the Foreign Secretary have had for acting against his conviction of what was right regarding the detention of the rams? Knowing the feverish susceptibility of the Americans on the subject, he naturally listened incredulously to their earlier statements respecting these vessels. In a spirit of courtesy he invited the member for Birkenhead to say, on the honor of an English merchant and an English gentleman, for what foreign power these unmistakable ships of war were intended. He received for answer that they had been ordered by a Paris agent, M. Bavray, for the Pasha of Egypt.

Mr. Adams at once branded the story as a fable, and warned the Government not to believe it. By telegraph the question was asked at Alexandria, and M. Bavray and his order were unconditionally repudiated. Lord Russell ordered inquiries to be set on foot; but for a time they were baffled, and he did not feel himself at liberty to act upon surmise or suspicion. When pressed at the beginning of September by Mr. Adams for an answer to his previous communications, he had no choice but to say that up to that time no adequate information had been furnished to him on which he could act, but that every diligence would still be used in the matter. What sort of man would the American minister have been if under the circumstances he had received such a reply with equanimity? He knew the fearful havoc already wrought upon the unarmed shipping of his country by the *Alabama*; he knew that the *El Monassia* and *El Tousson* were rapidly approaching completion, and that, once escaped from the harbor of Liverpool, there was no limit to the devastation and ruin they were likely to spread. Would he have been worthy of the name he bears, or of any one of the terms of respect in which even his parliamentary critics speak of him, if he had not promptly made one more earnest appeal to our Foreign Office against suffering the acknowledged law of the land to be evaded, to the ruin of all international friendship and amity? It is admitted on all hands that even then his language was measured, polite, and calm, and that there

can be garbled from it no phrase or word offensive to national dignity. What more than this could the haughtiest stickler for the honor of England ask? what less than this could the envoy of the pettiest Conservative court have been expected to say? Meanwhile, more decisive proofs of the destination and ownership of the rams reached the Foreign Office. In proportion as Lord Russell had previously been cautious not to promise interference without sufficient *prima facie* ground to justify it, so now he was prompt in volunteering the intimation that he at last had obtained evidence of a more tangible nature, and that the whole case was consequently under reconsideration. A week later this reconsideration led to an embargo being placed on the vessels until the mystery about them should be satisfactorily cleared up. A month was given to M. Bavray and to Mr. Laird to disclose, or to devise a story that would hang together better than the Egyptian tale; and on their failing to do so, they were allowed the opportunity to get out of the scrape they were in by realizing the outlay theretofore incurred. They refused to give any lawful account of their proceedings; they refused to sell what the law has branded as the means of piratical adventure; and then, but not till then, the ships were seized in the name of the Queen. And this is what is called a case of partiality and oppression, and of usurpation by the Executive of unconstitutional powers!

Not any one member of Opposition ventured in the late debate to hint his disbelief that the rams—of which the order has been openly confessed in a Confederate official navy report—were Confederate property; and not even Mr. Horsfall or Lord R. Cecil had the temerity to deny that, if built for the Confederate Government for purposes of war, the scope and intent of the Foreign Enlistment Act has been violated. Well then, if so, what was it the duty of Government to do? If a breach of the peace is about to be committed in a particular street, if credible information is given upon oath that a conspiracy exists to set fire to a particular house, if deadly weapons are sworn to have been provided at a particular spot for the purpose of being thence suddenly snatched up in order to maim unoffending citizens, what would be thought of the directors of police who stood by passively and used no interposition to prevent the perpetration of a heinous crime? What is meant by

the protection of life and property, if the furtive designs of selfish and unscrupulous men are not to be watched and baffled whenever it is possible? The doctrines propounded by Mr. Walpole and Sir Hugh Cairns savor more of the lawlessness of feudal barbarism than of the polity of a civilized nation: The Executive, it is said, may make a mistake, may act lightly, partially, or upon insufficient grounds of probability; and when they do so, they ought to be censured in the strongest language and driven from power. But manifestly it is impossible to form any judgment regarding them in this respect until the case has been heard in a court of justice and there disposed of. To ask them to show their accusers beforehand the proofs on which they rely as prosecutors of the alleged violators of the law, would be absolute nonsense. If, pending the suit by the Crown, ministers should be deemed to have lost the confidence of Parliament or of the country, that may be an excellent reason for setting up other men in their stead; but it is no reason whatever for letting the rams put to sea or exonerating their builders from the penalties of a wilful and deliberate infraction of the law.

Mr. Thomas Baring did himself very great honor by his manly protest against the motion of Mr. Fitzgerald and the arguments of his supporters. His instinctive good sense and good feeling overbore all mere considerations of party; and the majority of the House of Commons justly cheered the first of English merchants when he, though a Tory and sitting on a Tory bench, denounced the factious impolicy of driving the country into connivance at wrong on the empty pretence that our honor was touched by some idle rally in an uncommunicated despatch from Mr. Seward. No country in the world, as Mr. Baring truly said, has so deep a stake in the recognition and observance of the correlative duties and rights of neutrals. He might have added, that no country would be held by the civilized world so inexcusable as England, if in a paroxysm of party madness she suffered those rights and duties to be set at naught.

From The Spectator, 20 Feb.

#### A NATION UNDER AMPUTATION.

Those Englishmen are oddly made who can read the daily tidings from Denmark without a stifled feeling of shame. The bravest of little

kingdoms, the only one in Europe which can claim full kindred with ourselves, is visibly in the death throes, struggling for life with vain self-sacrifice and useless heroism against a foe who answers appeals to justice by the bayonet, repays concession by showers of bullets, and meets a patriotic despair by ordering up more Croats. We compared Denmark last week to a queenly woman dying amidst the wolves, but the comparison did her injustice. There is not a scream in her whole frame, not even a cry such as Italy sent forth under the same circumstances, nothing but that stern silence with which strong men fight up against a nevertheless inevitable wrong. The people see that despite the friendship, to gain which they have made such concessions, despite the much-vaunted regard of Europe for its own public law, despite the crave for international justice which English Liberals profess to feel, they are abandoned by all the world, abandoned because they are weak, to a foe in whose eyes weakness is the best excuse for brutality, and they are doing their work as men whose valor is not, like German fidelity, a matter of calculation. The Rigsdag, with a gloomy self-restraint that suggests what Englishmen once were, calls on the population to maintain order and trust to the honor of its Parliament; the Premier thanks the House for not distrusting a general who has failed; the king tells the people that he relies on God and them alone, and the army, forced to retreat without fighting, through snow-storms and cold such as destroyed the army of the Niemen, with the men half asleep from fatigue, and horses dropping dead under the snow, and the bitter conviction that honor and national existence had both alike been sacrificed, still struggled on, its discipline intact, "the laggards springing up at the first word from their officers."

Holstein is lost, and Schleswig; Jutland is indefensible, and the monarchy is reduced to two small islands in a sea frozen for half the year, and still the Danes utter no word of treaty or surrender. The army is massed at Düppel and in Alsen, positions from which it cannot retreat, and there awaits an attack which must end in massacre from an army treble its own numbers, and backed by nations with thirty-five times the Danish population. Since in the Indian mutinies eighteen thousand Englishmen turned at bay against the population of a continent, there has been no such spectacle. As in India, too, the assailants feel and fear the superiority of the individual Northman, and expel isolated Danish officials, hunting them out into the snow with their wives and families, as the Hindostanees hunted Englishmen, lest if they remained, the more numerous race should



again feel compelled, as by a mesmeric force, to render them obedience. Day after day, the Prussians, and the heavy allies to whom they leave the fighting, and from whom they will steal the spoil, are bringing up more troops, more artillery, more material, for a grand overwhelming rush across the Alsen Sound, are occupying Schleswig, driving their own countrymen out of Holstein, collecting peasant's rafters for firewood, ordering in boots and wheat and forage and beef to be paid for by paper warrants, and expelling newspaper agents in order that if at last unsuccessful, they may have a monopoly of the manufacture of bulletins.

The stick makes Prussians good soldiers, though they have only a silly martinet for their commander-in-chief, Düppel will be taken though every Dane should die before the works, and Prince Charles will have the glory of announcing that every Prussian who helped to win a struggle of thirty-five to one will be pointed at hereafter as "a brave man." Do they in Prussia point in astonishment at a man who is brave? Jutland is menaced already, and can be entered at will, and Denmark,—though Germans are, like the fiends of the Middle Ages, unable to cross flowing water,—may in a fortnight be, as a nation, extinct. There is no help in their proud history of nearly twelve hundred years, none in their freedom or their high character, none in the agony of courage and humiliation with which they now witness the probable extinction of their name, the certainty of their downfall from their old place among the nations. They can die, it is true, and do die, but their deaths only fertilize a soil better fertilized with dung than men, leaving the victory now, as it has been ever since history began, to the relentless and the strong. It is said, apparently with truth, that before Oversee a Danish regiment allowed an Austrian one to approach within a hundred yards and then swept away a third of them by a single discharge; but even self-restraint like that, the last and highest quality acquired by soldier-ship, is in this case valueless. There are Germans to spare on earth, and their leaders are flinging them away as if even they regarded them only as somewhat slow projectiles. The frightful haste of the campaign will cost the allies ten thousand lives in hospital, but then to these military despots what are ten thousand lives? They have

not even to pay for the substitutes the conscription sends them up, and as for opinion, correspondents can be expelled, and letters intercepted and read, and editors imprisoned for being truthful, until opinion has ceased to be an executive force.

It is, we fear, still vain to call upon the governing class to vindicate the position of Great Britain, and arrest this course of triumphant violence; but they may reasonably be asked to spare the allies whom they are deserting—because, forsooth! no man should help another, except where refusal would cost him something—the pain of dishonorable counsel. To judge by the language of some of the papers, Denmark is considered unreasonable and violent because she persists in fighting in the face of hopeless odds, and is advised to unite herself with a great Scandinavian monarchy. That is not the way in which Englishmen regard a struggle against overwhelming numbers when it is waged by themselves, or by those with whom they sympathize. The Danes, at the worst, can only be extinguished, and there are times in a nation's life, as in the life of a man, when concession is simply baseness, when there is nothing to be done but to set one's back to the wall and fight on till death or Providence close the struggle. Such an hour has arrived for Denmark, and Englishmen, if they are content to stand aloof, may at least in decency, if not from sympathy, refrain from hissing. There are men among us who despise Leonidas for defending Thermopylae because the battle wasted arrows; but the nation has not yet reached that point of philosophic degradation. As to absorption, let Englishmen reflect with what feeling, if beaten by con- cessed Europe, they would welcome a proposal to become a State of the American Union, and refrain from suggestions which seem to their objects apologies at once for treachery and for murder. In truth they are but excusing to themselves an inaction of which they are half ashamed; but while they doubt and hesitate and wait till the German powers tear off the mask and compel them too late to intervene, let them at least give to men who are dying that their country may live the poor reward of appreciation. If the amputation must be performed, and performed without hope of recovery, let the bystanders who could stop it at least seem aware that amputation involves pain.



From The Athenæum.

From the young Australian poet, Mr. Henry Kendall, whom our readers will remember, we have received another parcel of verse. Many persons, we think, must feel an interest in this singer at the Antipodes, whose verse has in it so much of youth and strength. Mr. Kendall still appears to find his best delight in sombre, tragic themes. Take this specimen from the new arrivals:—

#### ASTARTE.

Across the dripping ridges—

Oh, look luxurious Night!

She comes, the bright-haired beauty,—

My luminous delight:

My luminous delight!

So hush, ye shores, your roar;

That my Soul may sleep, forgetting

Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Astarté! Syrian Sister!

Your face is wet with tears;

I think you know the Secret

One heart hath held for years!

One heart hath held for years.

But bide your hapless lore,

And, my sweet—my Syrian Sister,

Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Ah, Helen Hope in Heaven,

My queen of Long Ago,

I've swooned with adoration;

But could not tell you so!

Or dared not tell you so,

My radiant queen of yore!

And you've passed away, and left me

Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

Astarté knoweth, darling,

Of eyes that once did weep,

What time out-wearied Passion

Hath kissed your lips in sleep:

Hath kissed your lips in sleep!

But now these tears are o'er:

Gone, my Saint, with many a moan, to

Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

If I am past all crying,

What thoughts are maddening me,

Of you, my darling, dying

Upon the lone wide Sea?

Upon the lone wide Sea?

Ah! hush, ye shores, your roar;

That my soul may sleep, forgetting

Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

We also extract the following sonnets on Byron and Tennyson:—

#### THE STANZA OF "CHILDE HAROLD."

Who framed the stanza of "Childe Harold"?

He

It was, who, halting on a stormy shore,  
Knew well the lofty voice which evermore,  
In grand distress, doth haunt the sleepless Sea,  
With solemn sounds! And as each wave did  
roll

Till one came up, the mightiest of the whole,  
To sweep and surge across a vacant lea,  
Wild words were wedded to wild melody!

This Poet must have had a speechless sense  
Of some dead Summer's boundless affluence:  
Else, whither can we trace the passioned lore  
Of Beauty, steeping to the very core  
His royal Verse, and that rare light which lies  
About it, like a Sunset in the skies?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The silvery dimness of a happy dream,  
I've known of late:—Methought where Byron  
moans,

Like some wild gulf in melancholy zones,  
I passed, tear-blinded! Once a lurid gleam  
Of stormy sunset loitered on the Sea,  
While travelling troubled, like a straitened stream,  
The voice of Shelley died away from me:—  
Still sore at heart, I reached a lake-lit lea;  
And then, the green-mossed glades, with many a  
grove

Where lies the calm which Wordsworth used to love;  
And lastly, Locksley Hall; from whence did rise  
A haunting Song, that blew and breath'd and blew,  
With rare delights:—'twas there I woke, and knew  
The sumptuous comfort left in drowsy eyes.

#### SHADOWS.

WHEN the children are hushed in the nursery,

And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,

And the night-wind is murmuring secrets

Apart to the listening leaves;

Then I open the inner chamber

That was closed from the dust of day,

And gently undraw the curtain

Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber;

Cool shadows from lights now gone;

And the echo of voices sounding,

All sounding for me alone.

And, blending among the others,

One echo is softer yet;

One shadow is cooler, deeper;

And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest,

Is the image that blessed my youth;

The angel that lit my journey

With her lamp of love and truth.

We travelled life's way together

A little while side by side;

And when I grew faint or weary,

That light was my strength and guide.

And dearer it grew—how dearer!

Till I watched it wane and fade:

And my angel said, as we parted,

Be patient, be not afraid.

And when I am sick and weary

With the heat and the dust of the day,

How the sense of her words comes o'er me,—

Her words ere she went away.

And I ask for a patient wisdom,

As I journey the way alone;

Till I tread on the golden threshold

Of the heaven where she is gone.

When the children are hushed in the nursery,

And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,

And the night-wind is murmuring secrets

Apart to the listening leaves.

—From *Winter Weavings*. By Isabella Law.

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